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One Man Only

WITH Mr. Attlee addressing next Sunday's public demonstration, as well as opening and closing the only debate of the Labour Party Conference, it looks as though the National Executive's answer to Mr. Bevan is One Man Only. Both Mr. Bevan and his rank-and-file supporters will certainly accept this answer gladly and welcome the decision to give the Prime Minister something of the lonely prominence which fell to Mr. Truman in the American Presidential campaign of 1948. For once again Mr. Attlee has shown those unexpected reserves of leadership, and that power of last-minute decision, which have marked his Premiership during the last six years. Time after time he has remained detached and apparently disinterested while a crisis develops and threatens to disrupt the unity of his unruly colleagues. But always he has been able to assert his authority just in time. If the Labour Party enters this election more genuinely united and in better heart than seemed possible at any time since Mr. Gaitskell's Budget, the reason is to be found in the Prime Minister's quiet belief that the art of leadership is not to anticipate trouble, but to wait until events make the right decision possible.

On this occasion his detachment and patience, followed by a last-minute burst of activity, have earned their reward. The trade union leaders, who were infuriated by some tactless home truths in *Going Our Way*, have been persuaded to turn the other cheek. In return, Mr. Bevan and his three colleagues on the Executive will support the election manifesto. In drafting that manifesto Mr. Morgan Phillips has the delicate job of narrowing the gap between *One Way Only* and the National Executive's rather tepid reply *Our First Duty—Peace*.

Differences, of course, will remain despite the electoral unity which has been achieved. Though Mr. Gaitskell at his press conference on Tuesday candidly admitted that rearmament had come up against bigger obstacles than he anticipated, he still stands by the fulfilment of the £4,700 million defence programme—with or without American aid. On this issue, the Left of the Party will be well advised to take a leaf out of Mr. Attlee's book and wait on events. If their predictions are correct, and Labour wins the election, Mr. Attlee will be compelled within a few months to come to terms with the harsh realities they foresee. If the Tories win, the Bevanite policy could scarcely fail to become the official line of His Majesty's Opposition.

The fact is that no policy decisions can be expected at Scarborough. Once again serious discussion of the next stage of Socialism must be postponed and the Party content to rely on past achievements. There will, however, be one opportunity for constituency delegates to show their mind—in the election of their seven representatives on the National Executive. At present three of these seats are held by Mr. Bevan, Mr. Driberg and Mr. Mikardo, and four by Ministers, Mr. Morrison, Dr. Dalton, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Shinwell. The fourth Bevanite on the Executive, Mrs. Castle, was elected last year, not by the constituencies, but in the Women's section, where the trade union block vote operates.

In this year's election Mrs. Castle has transferred to the constituency list and Harold Wilson (disguised, no doubt inadvertently, on the voting papers as J. H. Wilson) makes the fifth of the chief Bevanite candidates. Against them are arrayed the four sitting Ministers, supported by Mr. Noel-Baker, Mr. Strachey and Mr. Callaghan.

Any clear indication, however, of the rival strength of Left and Right will be obscured by two factors. In the first place most delegates tend to vote for persons rather than policies; many voting papers, for instance, will include the names of both Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison. In the second place, those who are anxious to support a Bevanite or anti-Bevanite line will be baffled by an unusually long list of minor candidates who are likely still further to increase the confusion of cross-voting and so to improve the chances of well-known sitting members. In the absence of any serious controversy on the floor, however, the elections will be of quite unusual importance. Whatever their results, they will be interpreted as a test of the strength of the Left inside the Labour Movement.

Showdown at Abadan?

The Persian crisis has now moved to the point of decision. Dr. Moussadeq has withdrawn the residence permits of the British technicians and instructed the Persian Oil Company to take over the Abadan refinery. London has thus been faced with an immediate choice. Is Abadan to be abandoned or not? If not, what action is to be taken? The presence of the Chiefs of Staff at Tuesday's emergency Cabinet suggests that some form of "security action" was at least discussed, if not agreed. Mr. Attlee's decision to consult with Mr. Churchill on the Persian crisis may mean that the Party leaders (with the support of Washington) are now in agreement on sending troops to Abadan. If so, it is a perilous decision which is the result of a typical Foreign Office compromise. Palmerstonian action at an

early stage might possibly have won a temporary success; the alternative, if we were not prepared to meet Persia's terms, should have been prompt and total evacuation.

In the event, the breakdown has occurred because the British Government has bluntly refused to consider any new Persian offer that does not start from acceptance of a British manager and the employment of the British staff as a unit. Such obstinacy has left Dr. Moussadeq with no option but to press ahead with the nationalisation programme, and naturally the pressure applied by Britain in the last three weeks has stiffened both Dr. Moussadeq and the Nationalists who have been calling for early and drastic action. Yet the Persian case is a good one, even though the Persian Premier's method of stating it has been crude. He offered several times to discuss the question of a British manager, and the employment of the British staff, provided there was agreement on the conditions of sale for Persian oil and the terms of compensation for Anglo-Iranian. But it was clearly impossible for the Persians to accept terms which, to them, seem little more than a camouflaged continuation of Anglo-Iranian's monopoly. The British, for their part, have failed to understand that Dr. Moussadeq is the best possible person for them to make terms with. A more compliant Premier would be regarded as a British agent, and could survive only as a British-backed dictator, while there are wilder and less reasonable men ready to replace Dr. Moussadeq. He has gone just about as far as Persian opinion will let him in offering a compromise. From the British standpoint, he is the least of many possible evils, and the only way to forestall a grave crisis is to revert from ultimatums to negotiations.

A Tory Defeat

Mr. Menzies has lost his attempt to secure extra constitutional powers to suppress Communism in Australia. Only three States returned majorities for it, and the overall popular vote was against it. The three industrial States of New South Wales, South Australia and Victoria have rejected it. The voting showed that Mr. Menzies had not even carried all the electors who voted against Labour in the last general election, though the analysis is complicated by cross-party currents. Many Catholics in the Labour Party, for instance, voted for the referendum, while conservative but Protestant voters helped to vote it down.

What were the reasons for the defeat? First, the powers that Mr. Menzies demanded went far beyond authority to pass the Communist Party Dissolution Act, which had been declared unconstitutional by the High Court. Dr. Evatt, the leader of the Labour Party, had denounced such phrases as "laws necessary or expedient" to suppress Communism as being a cover for Mr. Menzies' "attempt to seize totalitarian power under cover of a sustained campaign of unscrupulous propaganda and hysteria." Secondly, Dr. Evatt staged a vigorous and effective campaign, not only condemning Mr. Menzies' attempt to substitute executive action for judicial process, but also appealing to popular discontent with the Government's whole programme, including the failure to check inflation, the axing of the Civil Service, and the sweeping emergency powers acquired by the Government under the Defence Preparations Act. The Opposition victory thus gained is a sharp and heartening rebuff to Australian reaction, and to the attempt to import McCarthyism and control of "dangerous thoughts" into a British Dominion.

The Tories and the Unions

If it were not for Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's introduction—which summarises the main points of his election broadcast—little importance would be attached to the pamphlet on trade unionism issued by a group of six young Tory M.P.s. Sir David is at pains to repeat on behalf of the Conservative Party his pledge that it would introduce no trade union legislation without a round-table conference with the unions, and asks trade unionists who doubt his sincerity to study *A New Approach*. He is careful, however, not to give this new approach the official imprimature. This caution is well advised. "Ted" Leather and his colleagues—among them "Reg" Bevins and "Steve" McAdden (the comradely chumminess is symptomatic) are very properly concerned to increase productivity in order to sustain full employment and to pay for the Welfare State and rearmament. Indeed they set as a target of a Tory Government "at least 10 per cent. increase in productivity each year for the next five years." This, they assert, can be accomplished on two conditions. First the trade unions should encourage "greater efficiency in industry by demanding that any wage earner who can reduce the proportion represented by wages in production costs by increasing his ouput or efficiency, should receive his fair share of the saving in his pay packet." We doubt whether many trade union organizers or shop stewards need much encouragement from the Conservative Party to make them demand a greater wage packet for increased productivity. Nor will they be impressed by Mr. Leather's second suggestion that the trade unions should cut away from the Labour Party and "bargain freely with the contestants in the political arena." This, of course, is precisely the role of the A.F. of L. and of Mr. John L. Lewis in the U.S., and every progressive American trade union leader, such as the Reuther brothers, is aware of the log-rolling and political corruption to which it leads.

The most sensational aspect of *A New Approach* is its stirring denunciation of the present trade union leadership, denounced as political stooges in terms as violent as any used by the *Daily Worker*, for supporting wage restraint between 1947 and 1950. Indeed, no Communist has argued with Mr. Leather that, because men on the production line in motor car factories earn £15-£20 a week, a senior engine driver should immediately demand the same wage packet. The trade union leaders, who have been so disturbed by *Going Our Way*, might turn their attention to *A New Approach*, which is clearly designed to undermine the confidence of the rank-and-file in their political leadership. We doubt whether it will be very succesful in doing so, but it might well prove an embarrassment to any Conservative Government striving to combat inflation. Government, says Ted Leathers, should "spark off the explosive genius of our vast industrial complex." If Sir David and his colleagues ever genuinely tried to apply the vote-catching policy of these six young Conservative revolutionaries they would certainly cause an explosion.

Deadlock at the Victoria Falls

Last week's long-heralded conference on proposals to federate Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—about 5½ million Africans and 200,000 Whites—produced no more than one-sided agreement to the principle of federation. The African delegates maintained their refusal to agree to any form of closer association which should involve Southern Rhodesia: in view of the unanimity and vehemence of African opposition in all three territories, they could in any case have done nothing else. Another conference is to be held in London "about the middle of next year" when the White settlers will no doubt make a fresh attempt to over-ride African opinion. What is already clear, however, is that federation can be carried through only at the price of African resistance.

Between now and next summer we shall no doubt see a string of White delegations in London to persuade the next British Government in the contrary sense, and these delegations will, of course, hope to find that that Government will not be Labour. However that may be, there is little doubt that people of all parties in this country would like to hear the other side of the case at first-hand, and that they would welcome an African delegation from these territories. It is to be hoped that the Colonial Office will make available the necessary facilities. Mr. Fletcher, the Southern Rhodesian Minister of Native Affairs, may hold—as he lately said—that "Native opinion in Southern Rhodesia on federation between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland does not count." But Mr. Griffiths gave an assurance in Northern Rhodesia that "full weight would be given to African views." There is every reason why interested opinion here should be allowed an opportunity of listening to the arguments of an African delegation which would be representative of Africans in all three territories.

After Ottawa

Our Paris correspondent writes: The Foreign, Defence, and Finance Ministers have returned to Paris from Washington and Ottawa, but despite their attempts to sound optimistic, none of them has so far said anything apart from pleasant generalities. With M. Schuman's customary reluctance to let the National Assembly into his secrets, the public is likely to be left in doubt for weeks to come as to what the foreign policy of the French Government really is. The newspapers have therefore tried to interpret the "Aftermath of Washington and Ottawa"; and most come to conclusions that are far from cheerful. The most tangible results of these conferences have been the highly questionable inclusion of Greece and Turkey in the Atlantic Pact, the further steps taken towards the rearmament of Germany; the grant of an extra million tons of American coal for French industry; the setting up of numerous new air bases in France (a large part of which will have to be paid for by France); and

the generous American promises to General de Lattre for his war in Indo-China. These are generous promises which contrast sharply with Mr. Acheson's clear warning that Congress is in no mood to be generous to Western Europe, and France in particular, so long as there is no evidence of more determined rearmament.

According to French reports, Mr. Acheson went so far as to say that if, in the next three months, Europe did not "show her good faith," the "Marshall Era" may be considered finally closed. As for the military side, many French commentators have come to the unhappy conclusion that France is rapidly becoming Washington's Cinderella, and that Germany will, before long, become the real stronghold of American influence in Europe. In the circumstances, a very gloomy view is taken of France's financial and economic prospects. If, as seems likely, no "spectacular rearmament effort" is made in the next few months, France will be largely left to her own resources. Including the armaments bill and the cost of the Indo-China war, France's budget for 1952 is already estimated at £3,200 millions—a figure that may be further increased with the rise in prices and wages—and even a drastic reform of the tax system is not likely to avert a most serious inflation.

The most interesting French reaction this week has been to the Grotewohl proposal for free elections in the whole of Germany. If, encouraged by Washington, Bonn has virtually turned down the proposal, the almost general feeling in France is that the Grotewohl Plan should be taken very seriously indeed, *because it constitutes perhaps the very last chance of avoiding the rearmament of Germany*. Grotewohl has laid down no unacceptable conditions. Free elections throughout Germany would almost inevitably mean an anti-Communist majority everywhere; but this, to Moscow, would still be a much lesser evil than Germany's rearmament. It is significant that in an article in the *Monde* by M. Robert Borel some weeks ago, which aroused a good deal of comment, the main argument should have been precisely this: to Russia, the loss of political control over Eastern Germany may be acceptable if the Four Powers jointly agree on Germany's non-rearmament. The writer argued that this might, before long, be the price Russia would be willing to pay in order to avert what is not only to herself, but also to France, "the greatest menace of all."

Nor are the French feeling happy about Indo-China. As *Franc-Tireur* puts it, de Lattre's "success" in Washington is alarming for a number of reasons. First, because it denotes the priority given by Washington to Asia over Europe; secondly, because the all-out war the Americans will encourage in Indo-China is distasteful to large sections of French opinion, which also winces at the idea that Washington has now accepted at its face value the Bao Dai Government.

> It may, of course, (says *Franc-Tireur*) be argued that the aid to Indo-China will mean a reduction of our own expenses there. But is not Washington going to reduce its help to Europe, precisely in order to 'help' Asia all the more? . . . But it isn't only a financial question. What it all means is that our Indo-Chinese policy has now been transformed into an all-out war, which, from now on, excludes any peaceful solution which might still have shown some respect for the will of the Indo-Chinese people, and, at the same time, have saved them from the Communist stranglehold.

In any case, the French Government must feel a bit *cocu*. It conducted its war in Indo-China largely in order to remain in Washington's good books: now it is Indo-China that is given priority in the U.S., while France itself is being squeezed to make further efforts in Europe.

The Grotewohl Offer

HERR GROTEWOHL'S offer of free elections for a unified Germany has confronted the Western world with a crucial decision. Though in Germany itself, Dr. Schumacher at once saw the proposal as a supreme opportunity for a bargain, to Dr. Adenauer it represented nothing except a Communist effort to obstruct the policy of rearmament to which he has gone so far in committing Western Germany. If this proposal were anything more than another bit of propaganda designed to confuse the German people, why, it was asked, did not the Russians leave off obstructing in Berlin? They replied by doing so and the trade agreement went through. Again, if the U.S.S.R. meant business, why did it not lend official support to the Grotewohl offer? General Chuikov retorted by publicly endorsing it on behalf of the Soviet occupation authorities. This left the final objection that the offer was not sincere, but merely a reflection of Moscow's fear of German rearmament. To this the answer now being given by occupation officials as well as Germans, is that the Communist offer must be tested if the West is not to be accused of deliberately maintaining a partitioned Germany. We justified the threat to rearm Germany by pointing to Soviet intransigence; we were to build a "position of strength" to enable us to negotiate on terms of equality. If the Grotewohl offer is a sign that the threat has succeeded, is that a reason for continuing to prepare for war? Or is the position that when Russia makes a general peace appeal she is told to be specific; and when she is induced to make concrete offers she is told that detailed agreements can only be accepted within the framework of a general settlement?

Correspondents both in Berlin and Bonn emphasise the belief in Germany that, late as it is, Herr Grotewohl's suggestion may possibly this time be serious. They point out that had the Soviet Union intended to invade Europe she could have done so with little opposition at any time in the last six years, and that the West's one great bargaining counter is Moscow's fear of a rearmed Western Germany under American leadership. Rather than that, Russia may even be willing to leave Eastern Germany, to see the S.E.D. broken up and agree to an election for the whole of Germany under conditions which would certainly produce a strongly anti-Communist Reich. The immediate result would probably not be the "neutralised" Germany that Russia has desired, but a Germany on the Austrian pattern with a central democratic government under Four-Power supervision.

Herr Grotewohl is apparently empowered to discuss election conditions without this time insisting that the East must have "parity," irrespective of population, in preparing the election. This was the main stumbling block on the last occasion, and it is emphasised in Western Germany that until the issue has been put to the test, no one will know whether the Russians would really permit complete freedom of propaganda and communications in the Eastern Zone, whether Social and Christian Democrat leaders who are now silenced or in prison would be allowed to fight freely in the election, and whether in the last resort Moscow could face the possibility of Russia having to give up Berlin and Eastern Germany. These are more than the objectives which we have told the Germans we hope to get by negotiation as a result of strengthening Western European defences. If the offer of discussion is refused, then Germans everywhere will believe that the possibility of unity without war—the highest political hope of every German—has been rejected out of hand.

If no effort is made to test Communist sincerity the deduction will be that the object of Western rearmament is not to attain a "position of strength" from which to bargain, but a position of dominance from which Washington, with the aid of the Atlantic Pact and a rearmed Germany and Japan, may issue ultimata to the Soviet Union. The Pentagon's plan is bold and grandiose; it has long been clear to those who follow opinion in Washington. The *Observer*, which no one will accuse of being hostile to America, last Sunday frankly stated the argument against any form of peace negotiation with the U.S.S.R. The time when Russia could launch a war to prevent German rearmament, if indeed she ever intended to, is rapidly passing. In 1952 or 1953 General Eisenhower may be in a position, if he gets the "burst of speed" for which he is asking, to compel Russia by the threat of war to give way to American demands. These would apparently include not only a demand to evacuate Eastern Germany, but to give up Soviet "conquests" in Eastern Europe. What exactly this last suggestion means may be open to doubt, but it is difficult to see what it can mean in practice except substituting a Fascist terror for Communist dictatorship in countries like Poland and Hungary. But whatever the details of the Western ultimatum would be, the calculation is that Russia, which ever since the time of Lenin has been prepared to withdraw rather than to fight a hopeless battle, might give in without war; if she refused the alternative would be a conflict in which America, technically far ahead of Russia and armed with greater atomic power, could expect an appalling and devastating victory. The world would then face a period of American hegemony.

It may not turn out like this at all. America and Russia are not the only two countries in the world. Possibly the British may be still capable of independent diplomacy. A rearmed Germany and a rearmed Japan are both capable of proving loyal to their own interests rather than to those of America. Innumerable and unforeseen complications are possible. But the decision of the moment is whether to discover by a positive and constructive reply to Herr Grotewohl if there is still a chance of some *modus vivendi* with Russia. The alternative is finally to slam the door against any settlement. In that case Western policy is simply to pile up arms so quickly that the 800 million or so who live under Communist rule between the Oder-Neisse line and the Pacific must submit to Western dictation or be wiped out by atomic bombs. As a policy this seems to us inadequate and its success at least problematic.

A Way to Win

CAN Labour, in this election, parallel President Truman's dramatic and decisive victory in 1948? The question is raised by the striking similarities between Mr. Truman's prospects three years ago and the situation facing the Labour Party to-day. Looking back at the President's speeches, and at the strategy of his campaign, there remains no doubt that Labour can learn much from a comparison of the two contests.

From the outset, both the press and the polls predicted a sweeping Republican victory. The Democratic Party seemed resigned to defeat; it was confused; and there were sharp personal and political divisions even among those who remained loyal to the machine after the Right Wing had split away to form the Dixiecrats and the Left had split away to Henry Wallace. After a long period in office, the Democrats had seen the pendulum swing towards the Republicans in 1946, and they expected it to swing still farther. It was believed that Mr. Truman would be a mediocre and unattractive candidate, and that the appeal of social security would mean little to a generation which had known only a full employment boom and had forgotten the hunger and misery of the Great Depression.

Yet, by 11.14 a.m. on November 3, 1948, Mr. Truman's victory was beyond doubt. He had won, not by some electoral freak or campaign stunt, but by a combination of his own brilliant strategy and the failure of the American Tories to find an effective answer to it. He had made it plain that he was determined to win, and that derisive laughter would not shake his optimism. Such a conviction was contagious. I recall the roar that went up from the weary and faint-hearted Democratic convention when, in the small hours, Mr. Truman went to the rostrum to accept the nomination and began crisply: "I will win this election and make these Republicans like it—don't you forget that." From that moment, he had the initiative, and he never lost it. As he put it in a speech in Madison Square Garden, the President had made Mr. Dewey follow him, day after day, physically and verbally, all round the country "showing the people how little he has to offer them"; but, came the refrain, "he won't follow me into the White House."

On a speaking tour that covered 31,000 miles, in immense stadiums and at tiny whistle-stops, Mr. Truman carried his offensive in person to audiences estimated to total nearly six millions. He never spoke in generalities. Each speech hammered home *specific* points. He explained in neighbourly, yet incisive terms the tangible benefits that the American people had derived from sixteen years of Democratic rule. He took some sin of Republican omission or commission, stripped off the campaign rhetoric that sought to disguise it, and left his opponents floundering between the claim that they, too, were champions of social welfare, and the attempt to deny that they were the party of the corporations. He kept public opinion focused on the shortcomings of the opposition, and he drove Mr. Dewey from one evasion to another as he challenged the Republican candidate to state in precise terms what he meant by his general and often contradictory promises on housing, public health, prices, taxation, social security, agriculture and labour. "So long," the President said, "as he (Dewey) refuses to tell where he stands on such issues, he will lose more votes than he gains." Mr. Dewey retorted with phrases about national "strength and unity," asserting complacently that he would replace a "tired, exhausted, quarrelling and bickering administration with a fresh and vigorous one." We can agree with Mr. Truman when he asked: "Doesn't that sound familiar?"

All this, however, was incidental to the President's main campaign strategy, which sought deliberately and successfully to identify the Republicans as the rich man's guardian and the Democrats as the common man's friend. In the opening sentences of his nomination speech he had struck this note. "Victory has become a habit of our party. . . . The reason is that the people know that the Democratic Party is the people's party, and the Republican Party is the party of special interest, and it always has been and always will be." With the cries of "Give 'em hell, Harry," ringing round him, he appealed to the voters who, whatever weaknesses they might see in the Democrats, were none the less ready on polling day to realise that Republican rule would be rule by the architects of social disaster.

Now it is true that the President had a whipping-boy, and could prove his points from the record of the Republican majority in Congress from 1946 to 1948, whereas the British Tories have not tasted undivided power since 1940. But there is as much damning material in the speeches and votes of the Tory Opposition as ever there was in the behaviour of that Eightieth Congress which the President denounced to such effect. It is true, too, that he was able to dramatise his personal campaign in a manner that does not correspond exactly to the tastes and habits of British elections. Yet the Labour Party, in much the same state as the Democrats were at the start of that 1948 campaign, and with the testimony of the pollsters nearly as heavily against it, can still win with the strategy that brought Mr. Truman back against all the odds.

It means that there must be a will to win, and an unshakeable belief in victory. It means seizing the initiative from the first day, and driving the Tories out from the refuge of snug promises into the cold wind of facts. In the campaign, there must be a sharp and persistent concentration upon a few fundamental points which every voter can understand. Mr. Truman never tried to be clever or elaborate. He never confused the electorate by "intellectual" arguments or justifications. He made the electorate feel his confidence that he was right, and that he had a policy. In 1945, Labour understood this. In 1950, it had forgotten that clarity plus policy equals victory. This year, the election will not be won on the radio and on the doorstep alone: it will be won at the street corner and the factory gate, the British equivalents of Yuma, Arizona, and Pauls Valley, Oklahoma. Clement Attlee has to drive home the same basic lesson as Harry Truman, in the same way: The choice lies between the party of the people and the party of privilege. That is the one challenge that neither the Tories nor the Republicans can answer. For each is the demagogic mask of privilege, wealth, and big business.

"Now," as Mr. Truman said, "it is time for us to get together and beat the common enemy. And that is up to you."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

THE King's operation has stolen the election headlines. He is personally popular as well as universally respected for carrying out his exacting job, taken on reluctantly and unexpectedly in the most difficult circumstances, so conscientiously and with so much unostentatious dignity. The bulletins about his recovery are so satisfactory that I may perhaps reveal a curious point that has been puzzling the constitutional lawyers. By the Act of Succession of 1797, which is still in force, if a ruling monarch dies during an election the old House of Commons must be immediately recalled; if an election has actually been completed, it will be invalid, and even if its legal period has expired, the Prime Minister will be entitled to keep the old Parliament in existence for as long as six months. This anachronistic clause in an Act of George III was a hangover from the anxieties prevalent in the last years of Queen Anne's reign about the danger of a Stuart restoration.

* * *

I always wonder how the bookmakers fix the odds they offer on elections. Knowing the care they take on horse races, I have visions of them laying aside the *Sporting Chronicle* and burying themselves in a pile of constituency maps, Gallup Polls, tendency charts and the results of municipal elections. But I doubt if they are any more scientific than friends of mine who have been making comically precise predictions based on a judicious mixture of hunches and statistics. Clearly, one can say that there are about 450 safe seats in the country, almost evenly divided between Labour and the Tories, and that the remainder are more or less "marginal." What then? Even to come close to accurate prophecy you must know a great many things about the seats concerned. How did the last municipal contests go? Were there important local issues in February, 1950, or was one of the candidates especially strong? Above all, you must know whether there was a Liberal in the field last time, whether there will be one again, and whether there are any signs which way the Liberals will vote if they have no candidate of their own.

* * *

The electoral punter must wait until Nomination Day shows exactly how many Liberal horses will finally decide to run. The official Liberal decision to fight on a "narrow front" obviously is due to lack of funds—or to the difficulty of getting anyone this time to insure Liberals against lost deposits. Decision will therefore depend on the money that local Liberals are willing to put up. Those who

wonder what will happen if only a hundred Liberals come forward may find some answer in the Gallup Poll taken at Droylsden. This shows that Labour would probably hold this marginal seat. The increase in the potential Tory vote seems to have come from former Labour supporters, while the sampling of Liberals showed an almost equal division between the two other parties. This opinion poll, however, is complicated by the fact that two-thirds of the sample were tested before the General Election date was announced.

* * *

What with the theft of the Stone and one thing and another I was interested when I visited Scotland recently in finding out whether the Nationalist movement was still on the upgrade, and what part it would play in the coming election. A few inquiries made it clear that the incident of the Stone had been bad for the extremists, not so much because anyone blamed them for snatching it, as because it had been returned in such an undramatic and unrewarding way. The Covenanters, however, seem to have escaped blame, which I feel, when people tell me the inside story, is a considerable tribute to the skill of John McCormick. The Covenant has now been signed by 1,700,000 people. This may include quite a lot of children and others who have no votes, but it is nevertheless an impressive expression of Scottish opinion in favour of some indefinite form of greater Home Rule (this may include anything from a mere increase of the powers of Scottish local government to a Customs barrier drawn across from Berwick to Carlisle!). When one recalls that Keir Hardie, all the Clydeside Socialists and the Scottish Labour Party as a whole have always been strong home rulers, and that the British Labour Party have nominally stood for "devolution," the political ineptitude of Transport House in losing its hold on this national feeling is really surprising. It is no answer to say that much of Scottish Nationalism is amorphous and sentimental, and that the Catto Committee, which is expected soon to report on the financial side of the matter, may show that the Anglo-Scottish eggs are far too securely scrambled for most of the Home Rulers' schemes to make sense. Even so, the Labour Party might surely agree that it is anomalous for the Secretary of State for Scotland to represent in his own person some nine different Whitehall departments; it might also agree that control is far too much centralised in Westminster and that an inquiry into what practicable steps can be taken to satisfy Scottish feeling is desirable in the National as well as the Party interest.

* * *

The Election has brought the Covenant organisers up against the same facts that make political life so distressing to Liberals. They had been thinking of sponsoring Home Rule candidates against Sassenach carpet-baggers and their Scottish allies. But where was the money to come from? Or the election workers? And what a fiasco if the electorate still thought the old party ties preferable. So the Covenanters have imitated the Hanoverian Duke of York, and marched down the hill again. Now they want a national plebiscite—a project recently discarded in favour of electioneering. This, I take it, leaves only the Scottish National Party, a socially Conservative and petty-bourgeois group, to remember Bannockburn at the polls.

* * *

Most people assume that the Irish "bull" reflects some special perversity or whimsicality in the Irish national character. According to a Dublin friend of mine the explanation is simple and quite different. The bull, he says, results when a peasant who thinks in a Gaelic language tries to transfer his subtle thought into another language that he knows imperfectly. This theory was borne out by a story I heard last week from the Highlands; it seems that a Scottish Gaelic speaker may also produce his own kind of bull. On arrival at the terminus this Highlander was told it would be half an hour before his bus arrived. "Oh, well," he said, sitting down, "it won't take me long to wait half an hour."

* * *

Strip cartoons are always prepared long in advance, but I trust that David Low's series in the *Daily Herald* will serve to warn the common man of the dangers of the policy of Mr. Eccles. Allan Laing sends me this characteristic comment under the title of "Low and Behold!"

> For long we've known the Comic Strip
> Was low as it could go;
> But now, it's plain, we must Hip, hip,
> Hurray, *because* it's Low!

* * *

In the country the swallows are gathering on the telegraph wires; on the Embankment the vast army of starlings have staged their annual rally. The summer is over and the Festival of Britain ends with it. Living in the village of Charing Cross I shall miss the warmth and light and the exhilaration of the crowds that nightly came to sing community songs and make jokes about the skylon and the monstrous mushroom that had every merit except to show what Britons have discovered, and the Lion and the Unicorn, which at least shows that we have discovered nonsense. The Exhibition has been a resounding success; it has meant fun and a centre of enjoyment to hundreds of thousands of people, whom the *Daily Express* wanted to make miserable lest they should discover any merit in the Welfare State. Not enough has been said about some of the outstanding technical achievements of the South Bank. It may be comparatively easy as well as amusing to make a fountain that reproduces precisely the sound of the breakers on the shore, and three-dimensional cinemas may become a commonplace. But it surely cannot have been easy to arrange for background music that was never obtrusive or obnoxious, and which was always clear and itself wherever one heard it broadcast in the complicated levels and spaces of the South Bank. The L.C.C., I gather, will give us some gardens to walk in and make sure of a fine approach to our grand new concert hall. What is to be done with the rest of the Exhibition buildings no one yet seems to know, but I'm glad to say that Sir Gerald Barry has himself promised shortly to discuss this problem, among other Festival comments, in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

I suppose we ought to have known that Mr. Elleano, having crossed the Danube by tight-rope, could easily manage the Thames. Anyway it was nice of him to pause in his conquest of the world's great rivers and stroll along a piece of wire to the South Bank before the Festival of Britain closed. The thought that worried me a little was, suppose everyone started doing this? The Bailey bridge is not very wide, and some people are notably impatient. The thing would have to be controlled, at a time when the mere whisper of the word "control" could lose an election. After all, window cleaners are required by law to tie themselves to the furniture (or a hook) when they stand on window-sills merely six feet from the ground outside; though mention of the fact is admittedly confined to inquests. Only the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876, stands at present between the sanctity of the Thames and any last-minute rush of Festival visitors hoping thus to by-pass the turnstiles. Mr. Elleano may have started something which, in his obvious good will to Britain, he can hardly have intended. Since he is reported to have designs on Niagara Falls, I report the problem as it may affect the Governments of Canada and the United States. It may draw them even closer together.

CRITIC

ELECTION PLANKS

The call for unity must not be allowed to obscure differences where these are important and legitimate. —Aneuran Bevan, *Tribune*, September 21.

"O Captain! my Captain!" says leading seaman Nye,
"Your action call fires messmates all, and I am standing by.
I scorn the charge of sabotage and downright mutineering—
Too soon the Right display delight with loud exultant cheering.
But Captain, old shipmate,
When Churchill hits the deck,
Your nautical advisers
Will get it in the neck.

"O Captain! my Captain! while on the Scarborough run,
I'll lend a hand in tactics planned by Labour's Number One;
My mates won't grouse at Transport House, or steersman Gaitskell jog.
For Labour's rift is Woolton's gift—sea-dog don't eat sea-dog.
But Clem! Clem! Clem!
The breakers loom ahead;
The Five-Year Plan and Budget
Already are stone dead.

"O Captain, my messmates are here to close the ranks,
For there is one way only to walk election planks.
At Labour's mast, nailed firm and fast, the Bevan flag will flutter,
There's no debate—the Welfare State can buy both guns and butter.
But Captain! old shipmate!
Unless you change the chart,
After the election
I'll tear it right apart.

"O Captain, dear leader of one united crew—
My mates and me, the T.U.C. and the T.G.W.U.,
Our party truce will end abuse and show no sign of cracking,
We'll blaze away to win the day and send the Tories packing!
But when the victory is won,
You can take this from me,
I'm going to give no quarter to
The ruddy T.U.C."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Under our two-party political system, the issue at a General Election is always, in effect, the same: whether for the term of the next Parliament the country is to be under a Government of the one major party or the other.—*Sunday Times.* (E. L. Taplin.)

Sir James Turner, president of the National Farmers' Union, opening a new headquarters for the Warwickshire branch of the union at Leamington yesterday, said that the extension of the holiday to a fortnight was to be regretted because he knew that so many farm workers did not know how to use their existing week's vacation happily.—*The Times.* (G. W. Toms.)

The weather on October 25. Fifty years of records show that almost any kind of weather can happen on October 25.—*News Chronicle.* (ABC.)

So the latest craze is that Dartmoor prison is to go, a craze started by folk who have not, like myself, spent years as a prison visitor. I ask: Have the officials and the convicts been consulted? Who is to pay?—Letter in *Mid-Devon Advertiser.* (Mrs. E. de Heveningham.)

Nepal

I.—The Land of Gurkhas and Ranas

"My only knowledge of Nepal," people said to me, "is that this is the land of the Gurkhas." West of Karachi they dragged from the more remote parts of their minds such words as fantastic, mysterious, fabulous, colourful, sequestered and forbidden; East of Karachi, they added such phrases as "and those are the troops the British have used to subjugate South-East Asia." In Kathmandu, the capital city of Nepal, a Gurkha gave me this description of his country: "Nepal is the possessor of the highest and the lowest in the world: it has the highest mountain—Everest—and the lowest poverty."

Three and a half hours after leaving Delhi, I saw Kathmandu from the cockpit of an aeroplane as we slipped through a narrow Himalayan pass. Gilded temples, red pagodas, glittering white stupas, vast palaces and red-brick houses were set in a pattern of bright green rice seed-beds and delicately green squares of newly-planted rice. Himalayan ranges encircled the valley, standing like a jagged wall, blue and purple in summer sunshine. Somewhere among those mountains stood Everest and Kanchenjunga and the frontier with Tibet.

Unless one goes by air (when clouds and monsoons allow) a mountain track is the only way into the Vale of Nepal. Until a year ago, Western visitors to Kathmandu, who amount only to a few hundreds throughout its history, have made the journey from the Indian frontier at Raxaul; on the first lap in an antediluvian railcar on a metre-gauge railway across the Terai jungle; in an ancient bus over stony roads on the second lap; on foot, on pony or slung in a kind of hammock (a dandi) on the backs of six fellow-human beings over the 8,000 feet high Chandagiri pass and then on the last lap in a bus along the bumpy roadway into Kathmandu. An exciting journey and excellent "copy" for the journalist. To the thousands of Nepalese carriers who tread that mountain path, it represents their only source of livelihood. Everything that comes into the Valley must enter by that route; every piece of furniture and every candelebra in the palaces of the Ranas; all their amusements, from cinema projectors to the cosmetics of the Ranis and the concubines; the cartons of food, textiles and clothing in the bazaars; all the tins of cigarettes (mainly British brands) in the wayside shops; all the umbrellas, the bicycles, the motor-bicycles, the motor-cars and the trucks. I rode in a car which had been carried for ten days over those mountains hoisted on to a kind of platform on the shoulders of a hundred men. And the truck which unloaded a suite of pink brocade furniture into one of the many palaces, as I passed by, had required the toughened shoulders of 200 Nepalese carriers.

Into this mountain track over the Himalayas much of the history of the British Empire in Asia has been written, whilst until India won her independence, Nepal's relations with the West were almost exclusively with Britain. Their strategic value was first reflected in an offer made in 1848 by the then Dictator of Nepal—Maharajah Jung Bahadur Rana—to place his troops under his own command at the service of Queen Victoria in fighting the Sikhs. Two years later he was the success of the London season; he visited theatres and Epsom Races, bought race-horses from a stable-keeper in Piccadilly and was finally received by Her Majesty.

In his farewell speech the Maharajah promised the Queen that, "should occasion ever arise, the troops and the treasures of my country will be freely placed at your Majesty's disposal." He redeemed this promise seven years later by sending 6,000 Nepalese troops to help Lord Canning in his difficult task of suppressing the Indian Mutiny, whilst he himself commanded a second army which besieged Lucknow in December 1857. His assistance was duly rewarded with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and some years later, after entertaining the Prince of Wales to a grand shikar in the Terai jungles with 800 elephants, he was able to add to his titles that of a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

During those years of his success, Maharajah Sir Jung Bahadur—the founder of the Rana dynasty—behaved as if he were King. In fact he was much more powerful than the King. Ruthless and ambitious, far-sighted and utterly courageous, he had won his way from a Government office to the Premiership by a series of intrigues, some individual murders, a hideous massacre and the double-crossing of a fiend-like Queen and her weakling successor. When the people wished to put a crown on His Excellency's head, he astutely refused, but asked for and obtained instead the powers and privileges of a sovereign character, including the right of life and death, of appointing and dismissing all servants of the Government, of declaring war and concluding peace, of signing Treaties, of making new laws and repealing old ones, civil, criminal and military. But most important of all he gained the right of succession to the Premiership to his own brothers, one after another, and then to his own sons, together with the authorisation to coerce the King should he mismanage affairs. From this time onwards (1856) until November 1951, Nepal has been ruled by the Rana family, whilst the King has had only a nominal function and "the gaudy encumbrances of a crown" as Jung Bahadur called them.

What has a century of Ranarchy meant to the Gurkhas, the Newars, the Gurungs, the Muggers and others who make up the total of about eight million Nepalese people? The bravery and fighting qualities of the Gurkha are world famous, but the question is rarely asked "What is the kind of life from which he is only too glad to escape to join the British Army and see the world?" His countrymen have been the victims of a dictatorship which Hitler would have envied, an absolute personal rule hidden from most of the world except from the friendly eyes of successive British Residents. The Rana Prime Minister had supreme power over the army, the police and the judiciary, whilst no difference was made between his private and his official purse. In this caste-ridden country the Rana family had its own caste of A, B and C Ranas. The top positions were the preserve of the A Ranas; the B Ranas are a small group with less social standing; the C Ranas, numerically the much largest, are the progeny of A Ranas with the plentiful supply of girls brought down from the mountains to decorate the palaces and while away the long hours of the wealthy occupants. Had a balance sheet been prepared, the entertainment of the Ranas would have shown a much higher expenditure of the country's money than communications—there are no roads outside the Valley—or than education—there are practically no schools in the country, or than health—there is scarcely a hospital outside Kathmandu. But the Prime Minister was responsible to no one for his expenditure or his policy, and he ruled supreme through a number of puppet director-generals, most of them Ranas. The national economy was extremely simple; the British Army was a guaranteed market for the only export—the Gurkhas; and, as the Ranas made their fortunes, they found real estate and an expanding industry in India as safe and profitable fields of investment.

Isolated from the rest of the world by the natural wall of the Himalayas, the land of the Gurkhas remained a land of palaces for the Ranas and hovels for the people. From time to time visitors arrived from the Western world; famous explorers on their way to climb Everest or Kanchenjunga who were hospitably entertained and passed on; big-game hunters who found their best kill in the Terai jungle and often went no farther into Nepal; a rare writer or photographer who was always chaperoned, and sometimes charmed, by a Rana or his representative; British officers whose sole concern was the recruitment of Gurkha soldiers plus the payment of their pensions and two or three historians for whom progressive ideas were less significant than the ornate, often exquisitely, carved wood which characterises Newar architecture, or the massive gilt-topped stupas commemorating Asoka's visit nearly two thousand years ago.

As long as British rulers remained in India the Ranas felt secure; they had complete power over their own people and they could open a strategic backdoor into India in the event of trouble. But the new ideas which swept India in the 'thirties, and were realised in 1947, influenced the three million Nepalese who live in the frontier provinces of Bengal, Bihar and U.P. and in turn spread into the Vale of Nepal, whilst the enlightened policy of the British Government eliminated the need of strategic reserves such as Jung Bahadur had provided to suppress the Indian Mutiny.

The King himself dramatically challenged the

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
Autumn Books
Contents will include an article on the present situation in publishing by Geoffrey Faber, entitled "Shadow over Books"; also reviews by Graham Greene, Michael Redgrave, Patrick Heron, Leonard Woolf, John Lehmann, Phillip Hope-Wallace, etc.

power of the Ranas on November 6, 1950. Between 9 and 10 that morning, Tribhuvana Bir Bikram Shah Deva, King of Nepal, a prisoner of the Prime Minister, as all Kings have been since the days of Jung Bahadur Rana, escaped from his palace. He and his family in five cars passed through the royal gates. They drove past the turning to the British Embassy; through long stretches of high walls hiding the palaces of the Ranas from the rude gaze of poverty-stricken people; along a stretch of uneven road bordered by rice fields and fields of maize; past red brick hovels and tiny wayside stores. At last they came to a large house of red and yellow brick brilliantly sited against a background of snow-capped Himalayan peaks. The cars passed between two lotus pools and on through a whitewashed tesselated entrance into the drive. His Majesty the King of Nepal was on Indian territory, for the house was none other than that of His Excellency the Indian Ambassador to Nepal from whom he had decided to ask for asylum. He did not ask in vain. His courageous step was the signal for a challenge to the regime which succeeded in overthrowing the absolute personal rule of the Ranas. DOROTHY WOODMAN

Kathmandu.

"Gathering Winter Fuel"

LAST year, this country just evaded the fuel crisis, thanks to the efforts of the miners, to reasonably good weather, and to costly purchases of "dollar" coal. Not one factory was closed. But a bad winter could easily dislocate industry this year and cause widespread, if temporary unemployment, for although our coal stocks are one million tons above the level a year ago, the situation remains precarious. Coal consumption in Britain rose by seven million tons in 1950; there will be a further rise of eight million tons by the end of 1951, and production, though rising doggedly, still lags behind consumption by four million tons.

It is paradoxical that our fuel crises are due primarily to a small deficiency in output, no more than two per cent, which would scarcely be felt if it could be spread over the entire year rather than concentrated in the critical months. But the violent seasonal fluctuation in the demand for fuel renders a policy of slight under-nourishment all the year round practically impossible, and winter starvation is difficult to avoid. For example, a typical engineering works will need on average one hundred tons of coal per week for the 26 summer weeks, but it will require 400 tons per week for the remainder of the year. Since coal is bulky, perishable stuff, capable, in certain circumstances, of spontaneous combustion, stockpiling involves many difficulties. Laudable attempts are made to persuade customers with storage space to put by for a frosty day; the most tempting baits are reduced summer tariffs, and extra summer allocations for use in winter. But still transport facilities are strained to breaking point as soon as the cold weather starts.

The fundamental cause of most breakdowns in fuel supplies in London, and other great cities far from the coalfields, is the disgracefully slow, tortoise-like progress of British goods traffic. An average speed of 7½ m.p.h. is difficult to excuse on mechanical grounds alone—lack of standardised wagons, etc. The truth of the matter is that, until the manpower shortage on the railways is rectified, there is little likelihood of raising the average speed. This year strenuous preparations are being made in advance to keep the coal moving steadily from pit to hearth and to foundry, but they may not be enough.

Attempts to fill the gap by foreign imports have not proved successful. Last year American coal cost us dear. Not only was it expensive to buy, but unloading it from Victory ships presented difficult technical problems that involved heavy added expense. Atlantic freight charges, moreover, exceeded the value of the cargo. And now the astonishing decision to buy 120,000 tons of Indian coal offers proof of the extreme difficulty of buying abroad. No one even pretends that Indian coal is of good quality, and the great distance it must travel by sea means that it cannot cost much less than £11 or £12 per ton by the time it is unloaded over here. Polish coal would be the obvious solution. Supplies of excellent quality coal are abundant and Poland is exporting 28 million tons a year of it. Although Polish prices have risen considerably in the last year, and are now about six guineas per ton at a Polish port, freight costs to Britain would be so much lower than from India that it seems bitterly ironic that we cannot arrange for supplies to be sent from Poland. Has the unhappy episode of the oil tankers spoilt our chances?

The basic cause of the consistently unbridgeable gap between consumption and production is due to the increased use of electricity and gas. In 1938 British electricity used 14.9 million tons of coal; last year it burnt 33 million tons, while gas undertakings jumped in the same period from 19.1 million tons to 28.7 millions. Household consumption, however, dropped from 42 millions in 1938 to 28.7 millions in 1949.

These are the facts that threaten our supplies of heat and power in the coming months. Should they persist after four years of nationalisation in British coal mines? Could mechanisation have proceeded at a more lively speed? A glance at the sums spent upon capital investment in the industry proves that it could, and reveals a curious and discouraging state of stagnation. Intrinsically, coal is not "expensive," for of every pound of national income, 4s. is spent upon gross investment, of which only 2 per cent. or ½d. is devoted to coal (against about 3d. to electricity), and even to-day the price of coal has not risen nearly as fast as that of many other basic raw materials.

When the Coal Board took over the industry much of it was practically derelict and a lot of money had to be spent. "In the first three years," to quote the tardily produced National Plan, "the Board invested some £72 million upon projects large and small. By the end of 1949, further projects had been approved costing another £63 million. All the mining projects being now undertaken," the Plan adds, "represent a 'hard core' and will be required if only to *maintain output* of different kinds of coal." (The italics are mine.) These impressive global figures, including as they do much work that is little more than replacement, are slightly misleading. A far more accurate test of driving force and progress can be made by examining the sums that have been spent so far upon relatively large schemes such as the sinking of new pits, enlarging existing mines, the building of washeries, coke ovens, pit-head baths, etc.

Taking schemes that cost £100,000 and over—and this is a comparatively modest sum in mining work—it appears that, of total authorisations *including* unexpended balances at Vesting Day, amounting to £73,527,125, only just over £16 million had actually been spent by 1949, and merely a further £10,612,679 last year. Unexpended balances stand, in the 1950 N.C.B. Report, as high as £46½ million, with an added balance of just under £15 million on the cost of schemes approved in principle. These figures are almost impossible to reconcile with determined leadership at the top, or with a swiftly moving, boldly led, production-cum-planning department. If £635 million—the sum agreed upon in the National Plan—is to be spent by 1965, a drastic speeding up will have to take place. For, from now on, £40 million a year must be devoted to modernising the industry. Will the new "non-functional" Board members be able to exercise sufficient direct control over individual departments to guarantee swift and competent advances?

Delay has not been due entirely to indecisiveness of N.C.B. officials or to the cumbersome structure of area, divisional and national planning departments; much of it has arisen from hold-ups in delivery of vital machinery. Another possible cause of delay is the high quality of work turned out by the N.C.B. planners—their motto is "nothing but the best is good enough." Fair enough, but in practice this not infrequently means that a washery designed by the Board will be 5 per cent. more efficient than one produced by an outside firm, but will have taken, perhaps, 5 per cent. longer to build. If the Board officials are over-worked, could not more contracts be sent outside until the period of extreme urgency is over? One of the finest washeries in Britain was built at Ammanford for the Ministry of Fuel and Power by a private firm—and the job was completed in record-breaking time.

Efficient mechanisation combined with improved fuel-saving methods are the only possible substitutes for fewer miners. Too much reliance must not be placed upon romantic new techniques; at least a decade will pass before either methane tapping or underground gasification can hope to effect more than a marginal increase in fuel production; an increase that is likely to be more than offset by the inexorable rise in the demand for electricity.

On the labour front the situation is far from bright. As the *Iron and Coal Trades Review* emphasises, "In all countries except Britain the number of mineworkers is higher than before the war. . . . Britain is the only producing country which is ten per cent. short of her pre-war total number of workers, and as regards underground face-workers, as much as twelve per cent. . . . But Britain has the highest O.M.S. [output per man shift], compared with 1927, of 104 per cent."

However hard our dwindling population of ageing miners work, it is difficult to see how they can be expected to produce very much more coal than they are doing at present without better mechanical aid. As it is, our rising O.M.S. tells a story of the magnificent effort from "the few," but the present spurt cannot be maintained indefinitely, indeed many people fear that the slight rise that has taken place in the number of accidents is proof of this.

Miners continue to leave the pits at the rate approximately of 20,000 a year. The Pension Scheme will do something, but not a great deal, to help the N.C.B. to "hold its man"; but unless revised upon a considerably more lavish scale there is little likelihood that it will do much to aid recruitment. As a short-term method of beating the fuel crisis, recognition of the N.U.M.'s latest wage claims would probably prove more effective.

Last year's wage increases were mainly responsible for getting the three million tons which staved off disaster last winter; and this year improved wages for the men mostly in need of them cannot fail to improve morale and thereby raise production. The cost, estimated at about £40 millions, could be passed on to the consumer in the form of more expensive coal, only if poorer

families were protected from a rise in the cost of living by the reintroduction of controls on certain foodstuffs. Furthermore, an increase in the price of coal of approximately 4s. per ton would be an excellent incentive to encourage fuel economy and would undoubtedly strengthen the influence of the mobile units that advise industrialists on methods of fuel efficiency. For it is clear that only by combining economy in the use of coal with increased production can Britain hope to ever "break even" on her coal account. The Minister said last year that a 10 per cent. improvement in overall fuel efficiency would mean a saving of 60 million tons of coal a year. This figure is—at the moment—"pie in the sky." But it is obvious that if we can emulate, even in a small way, the strides that were made in fuel efficiency after World War One when, in little more than a decade, industry increased its total production by more than 75 per cent. without increasing coal consumption at all, we can ease the requirements of the National plan by modifying the production target.

The new leaders of the N.C.B. have been installed rather too late in the year to ensure for us winter warmth in the coming months. However, portents for long-term improvement are good, and recent weeks have shown a different and brighter atmosphere at Hobart House. It is well known that Sir Hubert Houldsworth is determined to prune the number of Committees, particularly those attended by Board Members, and to reduce the volume of paper work, and already "in-trays," although still brimming, are no longer permanently at spate level. Yet how will the system of non-functional Board Members—a system that is designed to enable the chiefs of the industry to concentrate upon the broader issues of policy—work out in practice? Is there a danger that the Coal Board Chiefs will not be able to exert a sufficiently dynamic influence over any departments that may suffer from lethargy? For it is clear from the slow rate of mechanical progress hitherto achieved that there must be no sparing of the Hobart Horses, if we are to win the "Colliery Stakes."

HELEN GOSSE

North of the Zambezi

THE secretary of the African Mineworkers' Union, Mr. Simon Kalüwa, was buying a new Ford truck, price about £700, the day I met him. "It's really a bus," he said, "so that members of our Executive can get around the Copperbelt, and delegates can be brought to meetings and taken home again." Since facilities for public transport in Northern Rhodesia are for the most part needed by Africans—for every White man has a motor car or two—they are slow, irregular, and unreliable. This Ford truck is going to make a big difference to the negotiating capacity of the African Mineworkers' Union.

These few sentences may sound unimpressive. In the context of Central and South Africa, however, they tell an exciting and improbable story. They describe what must surely seem to any European traveller through these territories to be the most hopeful and significant development among the Africans for many years past. It is only eleven years since the bitter dissatisfaction of African miners on the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia, and the no less bitter determination of White interests to give way not one single inch, led to strikes and demonstrations in which police and troops killed 17 Africans and wounded 65. In South Africa and Southern Rhodesia such events, however shocking, would have led to still greater severity towards the Africans: in parallel circumstances, they had already done so. Industrial legislation in South Africa which prevents African males from joining or organising recognised trade unions is, in any case, nearly thirty years old; and the South African Act on this subject has formed the model for the Southern Rhodesian Act. In Northern Rhodesia, thanks to the difference between the policies of Whitehall and of White settler communities, things have gone differently.

In the teeth of steady opposition by the copper-mining corporations—effectively, there are two, the Selection Trust and the Anglo-American, both of them with large admixtures of American capital—and by most White settler interests, the Colonial Office under Creech-Jones (and Jim Griffiths, his successor, staunchly backs the same policy) has promoted and supported the establishment of genuine trade unions for African workers. Local officials were at first inclined to sidestep this intention by relying upon "tribal representatives" and "boss-boys' committees"; but the African workers, ably and loyally advised by the British trade union adviser, Mr. W. M. Comrie, who was sent out by the Colonial Office in 1947, have pressed forward into fully-fledged unions. In point of time, the African shop assistants were the first to form a union; they now have about 2,500 members, and are expanding in step with the general expansion of industry and commerce that is now visible throughout this potentially rich territory. After the African Shop Assistants Union there came in 1949 the African Mineworkers' Union; then the African Drivers' Union, the African General Workers' Union, the African Railway Workers' Union, the African Teachers' Union, and lastly the African Hotel and Catering Workers' Union (formed only a few months ago). The miners have already achieved a paid-up membership (by signed stop-orders on pay) of nearly 25,000; the aggregate membership of the other five unions was about 7,000 in June of this year.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these unions. The White settlers, for the most part, dislike them or wish their destruction, though it is important to note that the more progressive elements among the White mineworkers (admittedly a minority) are no longer of this opinion. In unguarded moments the settlers say that "it's crazy to let a lot of bloody *munts* (slang for African males) organise into trade unions." In guarded moments they refer suavely to the "danger of going too fast with the African," and trot out the usual little slogans about African hopelessness that may be heard in any bar and club throughout White-settled Africa. If the White settlers of Northern Rhodesia were to achieve their cherished ambition of "freedom from Whitehall"—either directly through self-government or indirectly through Central African federation—there can be little doubt that the pressure to obstruct and finally demolish these African unions would be both strong and immediate.

The reason for this unreasoning reflex of opposition by most White settlers is easy to trace. In two or three years these unions—and especially the miners' union, by far the most influential—have given the lie to the great White myth that the "Africans won't be fit to run their own affairs for years, and (let's hope) maybe generations." Neither Mr. Katilunga, the president of the African Mineworkers' Union, nor Mr. Kalüwa, its general secretary, has ever been out of Central Africa; both are by origin "tribal natives" who became copper-miners. What they and their colleagues know of trade unionism they have learnt in the last three years from Mr. Comrie and an intelligent appraisal of the methods of the White Mineworkers' Union. Yet their "grasp of detail and of organisation," to quote Mr. Comrie, "is astounding"; according to the 1949 Report of the Labour and Mines Department at Lusaka, in reference to the new wages agreement of that year, "throughout the preliminary and conciliation proceedings the [African Mineworkers'] union officials conducted themselves in a responsible manner, showing high negotiating qualities, which earned them the compliments of the General Managers [of the copper companies] and the conciliator." When you meet these Africans, you find them eager, self-confident, restless to learn, and tremendously determined to go steadily forward on the road to full industrial organisation.

It is one of history's little ironies that the first fully-fledged African trade unions South of the Equator should take their rise in a territory as comparatively backward and undeveloped as Northern Rhodesia. Yet by that very fact these unions bear powerful witness to the African capacity for rapid social adjustment. Here in Northern Rhodesia, where the process of African urbanisation is only now beginning when compared with that of the Union, Africans show themselves capable of assuming new attitudes and responsibilities with a rapidity and understanding which most White people in southern Africa would no doubt deny outright. Not only do the leaders of the African Mineworkers' Union recruit members who come straight from the bush—and for whom the very term "trade union" must be almost immeasurably meaningless—but they seem able to do this in a manner which gives real meaning to the obligations and advantages of membership. While the miners' union is naturally confined to the four mines of the Copperbelt and to Broken Hill, the other unions are setting up their branches all over the country, and in places as distant as Livingstone on the Zambezi and Fort Jameson on the border of Nyasaland.

These unions, as yet, have little political content. Enough for them, at the moment, is the gigantic task of introducing their members to the attitudes of stabilised industrial labour. They are—and to some extent they seem to know it—among the forerunners of that revolution in social relations which industrialism is now bringing to Africa. This year they hope to establish a Trades Union Congress for their seven unions, and to affiliate to the British T.U.C. Most of their leaders are adherents of the Northern Rhodesian African National Congress, and, as such, are against all forms of "closer association" with Southern Rhodesia. So long as they remain within the protective arm of Whitehall, they feel that their path to further political and economic gains will not be barred. But that is about as far as they go.

And yet it is a long way. It is far enough, for instance, to make arrant nonsense (or worse) of the Southern Rhodesian contention that "our Natives aren't yet ready for trade unions." It is far enough to expose the stupidity (or dishonesty) of saying that Africans are incapable of intelligent and sustained interest in their own affairs. In a word, it is far enough to show that the Africans, when permitted, are perfectly capable of entering the modern world. A few of the more far-seeing Whites already perceive the lesson of this, though they do not always draw logical conclusions. *Optima*, the house journal of The Anglo-American Corporation

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(gold and copper), contains in its issue for last June an article on African skill in industry by Mr. Royden Harrison, a former general manager of Rhokana and a man of wide experience in Central Africa.

> The African in the Central African territories, [writes Mr. Harrison] has proved himself to be adaptable to the standards laid down by authority. He has shown that, given the necessary incentives, he is capable of attaining a high standard of occupational skill in a number of different spheres. He reacts beneficially to the provision made for his welfare and he is capable of independent thought and action . . .

Such dreadful heresies by the orthodox are rare enough, though they occur rather less infrequently in Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's companies than elsewhere. They reveal once more the sovereign truth that the White communities of central and southern Africa, far from "going too fast with the African," are going too slowly with him—and that it is only by imposing motion from outside, from London, that any real progress for the African is made possible. What most of these White people seem to want is to put the clock back fifty years to their own outmoded train of thought. The Africans, meanwhile, reach forward eagerly into the future.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Nkana, Northern Rhodesia.

So They Say . . .

IT was clear last week that the announcement of the General Election had not found the national press unprepared—and quickest and most eagerly off the mark was the *Daily Express*. "Glory, glory, hallelulah," it cried, the morning after Mr. Attlee's broadcast. "Was there ever such a lovely morn as this?" Then it announced its "Election News Service," which will range from Polls of Public Opinion to Constituency Notebooks. (And it did not forget to remind readers that it had guessed the date correctly as long ago as July 28.) Its first bombshell came last Monday, when it suddenly and emphatically supported the limitation of dividends—the day after the *Sunday Express* had attacked the "Socialist propagandists, ever striving to set class against class," for "trying to make party capital out of the 'millions' which, they say, have been made on the Stock Exchange . . ."

Both the *Observer* and the *Economist* firmly announced their complete detachment from all party lines during the election. The *Observer* informed its readers that it would not tell them how to vote—explaining that "there should be some public voices to give reminders of issues which transcend the party struggle." In any case, it added, the influence of newspapers on voting is "usually small." "Analysis, not exhortation," was the *Economist's* policy. *The Times* also held aloof, welcoming only an "end to uncertainty."

The staunch Tory supporters quickly rallied round. The *Sunday Times* said that the Tories' "twin planks" were "economy and productivity." The *Telegraph* put it slightly more appealingly: "To increase the size of the national cake and to reduce the share of it squandered by the Government." The *Daily Mail* observed direly that if the Government didn't fall "then October 25 will be one of the blackest Thursdays this country has ever known."

The Liberal newspapers varied a little in enthusiasm. The *News Chronicle* busily prepared for the fun by announcing another of its paper platforms, "The Great Debate," upon which all parties could present their cases. The *Manchester Guardian*, however, gloomily prophesied that *all* such cases would be equally barren, and that it would "not be an enjoyable election, except to the enthusiastic party mind."

The non-Tory newspapers showed signs, here and there, of attempts to whip up such party-mindedness. The *Daily Herald* loudly denounced the threat to the social services, full employment, and peace which the Conservatives represented. The *Daily Mirror* cautiously asked: "Whose Finger Do You Want On the Trigger?" But it offered no advice on choice of gunmen—yet. The *Sunday Pictorial* was equally hesitant to leap in. It was left to *Reynold's News* to thunder warnings—Tories Plan to End Cheap Food If They Win Polls Battle—and for the *Daily Worker* to rally the faithful with a list of 25 candidates.

AUTOLYCUS

The Healthy End of Europe

III.—Doubting Denmark

STRATEGICALLY, Denmark is in a far more dangerous position than either Norway or Sweden. A few miles with no natural defences of any kind, separate the Danish mainland from the Soviet Zone of Germany. In 1940 the Germans had marched in and had occupied the whole country before the Danes knew where they were. "Whoever starts the next war, we'll be the first to be occupied by the Russians," is a common remark one hears in Copenhagen.

It is not surprising, in the circumstances, to find that nobody in Denmark is enthusiastic about belonging to the Atlantic Pact; the Danes joined it simply because, when Norway refused the Scandinavian Pact, they had no practical alternative. To attempt neutrality like Sweden was still considered too dangerous.

Even now, however, one hears many Danes say that Denmark was "dragged into it by Norway," and it is even suggested that it was done by means of a propaganda trick. Some say that reports were circulated from Oslo and Washington that the Russians were about to strike. However, there is no backing out now. Even so, the Farmers and Conservatives, who form the present Government coalition, as well as the Socialist Opposition, are full of regrets, mental reservations and "if onlys." Almost every Socialist speech begins with words to the effect that "if only the Scandinavian Pact had materialised . . ." Mr. Kraft, the present Foreign Minister, fully supported in this by most of the other parties, is known to have serious reservations on German rearmament; to oppose resolutely the inclusion in the Atlantic Pact of not only Spain, but also Greece and Turkey, and to desire to develop East-West trade. This last point is partly dictated by a wish to look for alternative markets to Great Britain (the everlasting complaint in Denmark being that her adverse trade balance is due to the very high cost of imports from the West and the low prices paid her for her bacon and farm produce by Britain) and by the desire to sell Denmark's industrial products (ships and machinery) in the East in exchange for raw materials. German rearmament, in the Danish view, should at least be postponed until the other Western Powers are sufficiently armed to keep her in order. On Spain, Turkey and Greece the objections arise from three causes—the refusal to become involved in a conflict that is no direct concern of Denmark's; the fact that the inclusion of Spain, Greece and Turkey in the Pact turns it into a plain military alliance, and is also highly discreditable in terms of democracy; and the feeling that the inclusion of Greece and Turkey could rightly be regarded by Russia as a serious provocation.

The other day five new Thunderjets arrived in Copenhagen from the U.S. I cannot say that I observed much enthusiasm as they whizzed over the Danish capital. There is much more obvious hostility to all this than in Norway. The Danish army had to start from scratch after the war, and at first only 300 million crowns a year were spent on it. Now the figure has been more than doubled, and a good deal of equipment is coming from the U.S. in addition. With some difficulty, Eisenhower has persuaded the Danes to raise their conscription term from 9 to 11 months; but the underlying feeling in the country is still the old *Hvat kan det nytte?*—"what's the good?"—a famous motto based on past military experience, starting with the Danish-Prussian War of 1864.

The rather sophisticated intelligentsia of Copenhagen are discontented; the Left Wing of the Socialist Party is alarmed by the U.S., and in the past year MacArthur shook even the most resigned Danish supporters of the Atlantic Pact.

The attitude of a large part of the Danish farmers is reflected in the position assumed by the Liberal Party, which is openly hostile to the Pact. One of the leaders of this party told me that he was "all in favour of the Atlantic Pact—but without Denmark."

> Our policy should consist in trying to reduce the tension between the two blocs, and not in increasing it. We are afraid of a world that is divided too sharply, and do not like the idea of the military encirclement of Russia. In the absence of the Scandinavian Bloc, we should adopt the same policy as Sweden. We do not agree with the argument that we would be left defenceless: we could, like Sweden, buy arms in the U.S.A., and no doubt get them cheap. In that case we would have as much (or as little) security as now, but a much smaller chance of being overrun by the Russians and, later, wiped out by American atom bombs. For Denmark the main thing is to avoid war, not to organise military defence, which never got us anywhere. That is the dominant feeling in our country, and nobody can deny it. When the Atlantic Pact first came up for discussion we proposed a referendum on whether Denmark should join it or not. In Parliament we were defeated by 119 votes to 30. Parliament knew too well what the feeling in the country was, and such a referendum would have been awkward *vis-à-vis* the U.S.

So much for the Danish Liberal point of view, which the Socialists, as well as the present right-wing Government parties, dismiss as "provincial" and "parochial." But while what the Liberals say about the state of public opinion is apparently true enough, the fact remains that Denmark is a member of the Atlantic Pact; and one might well ask why. The answer is given to me by Mr. Hans Hedtoft, the Socialist leader, who was Prime Minister at the time Denmark joined the Pact:

> We would have liked, after the war, to enter a defence bloc of the Scandinavian countries. Our attempts in this direction failed, however; largely because the experiences of Sweden, Denmark and Norway were so different during the last war. Nor were our democratic friends in Britain and the U.S. sufficiently favourably disposed towards the Scandinavian pact. The alternatives, therefore, were to be left alone, unarmed and isolated, and joining the Atlantic Pact. If we objected to this Pact for a long time, it was because there was still a faint chance of the Scandinavian Pact materialising; once that failed, there was no choice.

He then added that it was essential to criticise and restrain America whenever necessary; even so, he felt that Europe owed the U.S. a debt of gratitude for Unnra, Marshall Aid, and much else and that one sometimes had to try to look at Europe through American eyes.

One reason why the Danish Socialists finally decided for the Atlantic Pact was, of course, their strong anti-Communist tradition; for, at various times since 1917, there has been bitter competition

in Denmark between the Social-Democrats and the Communists. Also, the 1948 coup in Czechoslovakia came to them as a severe shock, just as it did to the Norwegian and Swedish Socialists, traditionally less hostile to Russia.

Internally, the Danish Socialists are in a difficult position. The economy of the country, lacking, as it does, practically all raw materials, is less healthy than that of Sweden or Norway, and has an adverse balance of 1,000 m. crowns. Whether full employment is to be maintained is the main domestic problem. The present Conservative-Farmer coalition government has shown alarming signs of trying to resort to the classical capitalist method of curtailing credit and employment. Some preliminary steps have already been taken towards abolishing the sliding-scale of wages, towards lowering consumption, towards tearing down, as one of the present Ministers put it, " the outer ramparts of the social services." The Government has also been trying by lowering consumption by means of taxes, to transfer labour from the textile, tobacco, shoe and confectionery trades into the engineering and other export trades ; but with insufficient adaptability and mobility, the result has already been a substantial rise in unemployment, and it is feared that the present 40,000 unemployed may, before long, increase to 60,000 or more. The Socialist leaders who keep declaring that " they will not allow Denmark to adopt the capitalist policies of Adenauer's Germany " are, however, fairly confident that their strong parliamentary position (their numbers are equal to those of the present Government Coalition), the growing discontent with the Government, and the pressure of public opinion " which is 75 per cent. Socialist in Scandinavia," will help them to limit the damage, and preserve for Denmark the " Scandinavian way of life." But it is a hard struggle. In the course of it, the U.S. is blamed for expecting a lot of rearmament from Denmark, and Britain for not paying enough for Danish bacon, and the whole world for having put Denmark in this cursed plight. ALEXANDER WERTH

Copenhagen, September.

Dorset Fog

IT is proper that the taxpayer, his brain numbed by Service Estimates, should have every opportunity of seeing the Army spend his money. And thus it was to Southern Command's credit that they decided to invite the Press—in theory, at least, the eyes, ears, nose and mouth of the common man—to look at Field Security exercising its magic in the lanes of Dorset.

Many of us have always been hazy as to what Field Security Sections do. Now here at last was a chance to break through the fog. The handout, for a military handout, was even lucid. One had only to read it through once to learn that Territorials and " Z " men, who included not only farmers and bank managers but even C.I.D. Inspectors and customs officers, were taking part in a frontier scheme based on an envisaged cease-fire in Korea.

The rendezvous was Weymouth, the reception committee consisting of a subaltern in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, complete with those two mysterious black tabs behind the neck said to be a relic of the pig-tail days, which have remained as a sort of non-battle battle honour. His greeting was friendly but he rather foxed the issue by demanding Press Passes. Appropriately, the *Daily Herald* produced a National Union of Journalists' membership card. This was treated with suspicion, especially as the photograph showed a face enclosed in a magnificent beard, whereas its owner was now clean-shaven and wore his trilby at a Rip Kerby angle. Many of the Press had brought their own cars and the convoy followed the military truck to the camp. Here lunch was served in a small office which boasted only two chairs. Each visitor was handed a paper bag containing three thick sandwiches and a meat pie. Permission to eat was given and to help digestion mugs, one pint, were issued with tea, hot, sweet.

At this stage we bid farewell to the Welch Fusilier and met the Army proper, wearing three pips and an Intelligence Corps flash. We were guided to a Nissen hut where chairs were drawn up in rows, church service fashion. On the rostrum stood a desk and a large-scale hand-prepared map bearing Korean-style names. The Army took a deep official breath, and announced that for reasons of security he had no statement to make but if anyone had any questions he would answer them, subject of course to Security. This, for an invited Press conference, was novel. After a slight pause, someone started the ball rolling by asking what Field Security was. He was met with a suspicious glance and told that it was a matter of Security not to reveal that. Well, what did it do? That, said the Army, could not be revealed either. Methods used were secret. Was it possible to say how the Sections fitted into the Army? That would be giving away the Order of Battle, which was secret.

We then came to the purpose of the exercise. On this matter the iron curtain was cranked up a few inches, but there followed a reminder that any information about specific problems set the students could not be given. But one shred of information was flung out, like a bone to the dogs. Field Security's duty was to secure frontiers. Two conscientious types wrote this down in their notebooks. What, exactly, did that mean? Methods used were secret but it involved things like—er—checking on papers carried by people crossing the frontier.

Someone asked if the map had anything to do with it. Yes, indeed, we could mention the map. " Taegu " was Dorchester, " Inchon " was Winterborne St. Martin. The road from " Hangpo " (Grimstone) to " Mingpu " (Portisham) was the frontier now being controlled. We would be able to go out and see the men at work and take photographs, but really there was very little to photograph—just groups of men standing about making notes. What sort of notes? Ah, that would violate " Security."

By this time the Press was getting a little restless and so, sensing an " atmosphere," the Army apologised that he had not been more helpful, but he explained that he had only expected the local Press. (It turned out disappointingly that the local Press was not there.) He also hinted that he was only a captain and captains have to be careful what they say. As a finale he told a story about the high responsibilities which fall on Field Security, as demonstrated at a Camberley conference where a corporal had to be very bold and stop Monty going into the hall because he was not wearing the right identity disc. Luckily, Monty took it as a joke. Luckily, so did we.

We walked out into the Dorset air. The man from the *Daily Mail* had the grim look which one associates with the Flying Squad's Mr. Flint. The man from the *Graphic* was wishing for a moment—but what a moment—that he was from the *Mirror*. The Army got into his truck with two reporters. The rest followed in their cars. For 18 miles we drove in search of Exercise Frontier Control, which was so submerged in Security that we managed to cover the same ground twice without finding them. Suddenly the leading Press car stopped. The guiding Army truck had

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vanished. A conference was held and it was decided to turn back on our tracks to examine some side lanes down one of which it may have turned. At this point the Bristol Press called it a day and went home. The Army meanwhile jettisoned its passengers at Dorchester station and swung off in the direction of the camp to attend a conference of students (Press excluded). The remaining Pressmen eventually broke through to "Taegu" and found two phone boxes, one of which worked. Fleet Street news desks suddenly woke up to the possibilities of a story at the expense of the Army and told their men to get statements from Southern Command. Command Headquarters registered discreet amazement and said ring back in half an hour while we collect our thoughts.

In a Tea-Shoppe the Press settled down to best Indian and home-made cakes. Outside the rain started to fall in torrents and holiday makers scurried for shelter. It was the sort of rain that would have discouraged most fogs. But not Security.

W. S. THOMSON

Somewhere in England.

Homo Vulgaris

EARNEST people interested in education are always telling us that the screen could be a great power in teaching. Let me correct them: not only could it be so, it already is. What it teaches, the tendency of its lesson, is a little disconcerting at first. But there does exist a culture of the cinema, with its own order of facts, its own philosophy and its own tremendous science.

Our garden boy caused me some annoyance by not believing in pirates. I doubt whether any sensible child over six ever, despite Barrie, believed in fairies. But it is carrying a wholesome scepticism too far to reject historical fact merely because it is romantic. I forget how the subject was raised between us: in the fruit-picking season the nature of our work throws us much together, with breath for talking; and our conversation ranges wide and far. The boy's acquaintance with pirates was on the screen and he supposed the characters there depicted to be wholly fictitious. I was startled into a rather heated statement that this was not the case; pirates, I said, had existed.

"What . . . Blackbeard?"

"Certainly. And Kidd. And John Paul Jones, who became an American admiral."

"And people made to walk the plank?" he persisted, sceptically.

"Frequently."

He gave me a rather shy, penetrating look which appealed to me to be serious, not to pull his leg. "How many were there?" he asked.

"I've no idea. Thousands. Henry Morgan was the most successful. He became a colonial governor."

The boy reads nothing but the newspaper, and this statement must have had, for him, the sound of propaganda. He rejected it, by a polite silence. In any case the subject of pirates was rather out of the way for us; more often than not our conversations take the form of natural history lessons, given by the boy and received by me—the natural history of the fantastic world of the cinema. The lessons open with a cautious "they say . . . "

"They say there's people on Mars."

"Do they?"

"Ah. Saw a film about it. These chaps, Americans they were, went off in a rocket to the moon, only they was all knocked unconscious by the shock, mostly, and come down on Mars. There was people there, living in caves mostly, and they couldn't talk, not properly, just grunts. They killed these Americans, mostly. Hit 'em with clubs."

"Didn't any get away?"

"Ah. Only they hadn't enough fuel, them not having intended to go to Mars. They got back as far as the moon and there they was, stuck as you might say."

It would have been pedantic to have pointed out certain weaknesses in this tale; moreover it would have entailed invoking an education the boy had simply never received in the ordinary course of schooling. The admixture of fact and fiction on the screen has left him in a curious condition of mind: he neither believes nor disbelieves. Everything is possible, even probable, and nothing true. You can never be sure: it may be done with mirrors.

"They say there's snakes in the tropics only got to touch you and you drop dead."

"I don't believe it."

"Fact. Drop out of trees on you they do."

"So they may, but you don't drop dead, not just because they touch you."

"If they drop out of trees on your head they might bite you in the brains. P'raps you'd fall down dead then?"

"You might at that."

Then there's the business of the octopuses. It seems the boy had seen a film of deep-sea diving. "There aren't half some horrible things in the sea. Are octopuses real?"

I said they were. A. was helping us to pick raspberries that morning and with no regard for what small authority I possess described, with a wealth of unnecessary detail, her memory of myself clambering with much haste and little dignity up the rocks of a Corsican beach, from the clutches of an octopus. The boy rocked with disrespectful laughter. "Ted," he said, referring to an elder brother, a sailor, "caught an octopus once . . . so *he* says . . . and sold it to some Greeks. They eat 'em. So he says."

"It's quite true," I said, "I ate some myself."

"What, octopus?"

"Certainly. It was like rubber."

"I shouldn't care for it," he said, with indescribable dryness.

His own observation of nature is as curious and exact as Gilbert White's: he has watched snakes swim the Stour and can tell you how they manage it; he knows where halcyons nest and fish, and he has trapped eels. He has a keen appreciation of the beauty of these creatures, which he contrives to express despite a poor command of language. What he knows of them he has taught himself by watching and inference. But this exact science of his own keen, wide eyes, and his own common sense has received no encouragement, and it only partially protects him from the less sound science of the film-makers. The scepticism which he has built up against the danger that it's all done with mirrors almost extends to his own observation. It is as if he dared not believe his senses when they perceive not the screen, but the living countryside. And he may be right, for he may already have recognised in himself a tendency to conform to the grander, more sensational scale of Hollywood natural history.

There was, for example, the business of the stork. He had, he said, seen a stork standing in the river when he went down, late one sweltering evening, to swim.

"A heron," I suggested.

"No. Heron's is grey. This was white. I couldn't get near it, but it had thin knees and just stood there. *It was as tall as me.*"

That startled me. "Storks aren't waders as far as I know," I said, "and they must be very rare in England."

"It wasn't no heron," he said, with a certain sullen persistence. Had he, in fact, seen some alien wader, its size distorted by the evening mist rising from the slow-running water? Or was he trying to live up to his cinema education, to do some small justice to the bigness and ferocity of things? I don't know; nor, I fancy, does he.

"I heard you talkin' on the wireless," the boy said, yesterday; "rekernized your voice. Clear it was, mostly." And then, after a pause, "Was you in the B.B.C. *yourself* . . . or was it . . . . recorded?" "As a matter of fact I was in the studio." He seemed uncommonly relieved, whistled some bars of a hymn tune. I said: "Not but what it comes to the same thing, you know."

He frowned a little and said nothing; paused in his work, and resumed it again, shaking his head and no longer whistling. There they were again, those doubts, those mirrors. It's been learnt, the lesson of the cinema: he won't be quite sure of his own identity, his own existence soon; he is not big enough, rich enough, loud enough, strong enough to be real. The suggestive power of motion pictures is several hundred times more effective than that of any prose he can read.

Has he been provided with any defences, any criteria by which to sort the real from the ideal? None, but he has his seeing eye, and his own humility. He knows that the sharks would eat him, the Martians cast him into outer space. He knows he is not clever enough, and he will do what he is told. It's as if we had, with the help of *Homo vulgaris goldwynii*, taken Disraeli's advice: we have educated our masters.

EDWARD HYAMS

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"AMAZING! Stupendous!! Colossal!!! Here it is! The mightiest spectacle of cruelty and lust ever brought to the English stage. See the Shepherd Tamburlaine devouring empires like a flood. See the virgins of Babylon killed before your very eyes. See kings in harness drawing his chariot of gold. See the rape of the concubines. The Governor hang in chains on the city wall. This is the story of Tamburlaine the Terror, slayer of his own son, Tamburlaine the Tartar, burning the Sacred volumes of the Holy Temples. Tamburlaine . . ."

Only the inflated hyperboles of the film handouts can do justice to this vast, sprawling, truly horrible and, in the last analysis, worthless play. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, with which the Old Vic open their new season under Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's direction, is really cinema material, if it is anything, spectacle on the grand scale, at the moral level of films like *The Wicked Lady*. Mr. Guthrie has determined to rescue it from the study and show that it is workable on the stage. "If this production, on which we are now embarking, serves no other purpose," he writes in his preface to the printed acting text

(*Heinemann*, 4s. 6d.), "it will at least provide the literary world of London with an opportunity to judge the play when acted rather than read." For, his argument runs, literary critics have too often condemned it on the page. "Critique after critique is based on literary, not theatrical, values." That it does work on the stage, Mr. Guthrie proves resoundingly. As far as mere working goes, *Tamburlaine* proves excellent theatre in Mr. Guthrie's superbly daring production. He has two of the prerequisites he demands, "an actor of exceptional force and gusto" in Mr. Donald Wolfit and "an enormous cast." Marlowe's time jumps are very much cruder than Shakespeare's, but they give in performance a perfectly clear and rapid narrative line. Nothing, however exotic, is too much for Mr. Guthrie's ingenuity to stage, and he has been absolutely bold in representing without squeamishness the worst horrors in the play. Yes, it can be done, down to the last stage direction: all the violence and savagery, the fights and crowds, the triumphal cars, the hanged prisoners, the kings in harness or in cages—all this modern stage equipment can suggest, with a producer of Mr. Guthrie's genius, working with a designer of lurid fantasy like Mr. Leslie Hurry. (All the same, what becomes a mere *tour de force* on the stage, would be child's play to the cinema.) But now that Mr. Guthrie has demonstrated that the play is perfectly stageable, it is left still for us to judge whether it is worth staging again.

The first part strikes me as much less effective than the second. The rapid scenes of conquest here are altogether too short, they give the impression of a badly cut film, incidents chasing one another fast and furious, without any inner development. Only once—in the torture and death of Bajazeth and his wife—does a scene seem to swell out into a full-scale *scena*. But in the second part with the main conquests behind us, the scenes expand and develop sufficiently within themselves to strike home in their own terrible way. The first scene of the second part, in which Tamburlaine infuses his spirit of blood into his three sons, has a wild magic. The death of Zenocrate is, of course, famous. The sixth and seventh scenes—the torturing of the kings, the execution of his own son, the hanging and shooting of the governor, and the burning of the books—these rise up to an appalling climax of terror without pity, a daemonic sort of fury. Mr. Donald Wolfit is the very man for Tamburlaine. His voice has the widest range of any actor on the stage to-day. He has the force and power. In the first half he projects an adolescent relish in animal cruelty, and rises in the second to a kind of madness which is turned in on itself in a lust for destruction. Only the death scene—where, like a great bear in shaggy fur, he stumbles to and fro across the outspread map of the world—doesn't quite come off. But this is surely Marlowe's fault. He can't, after dragging us through a bestial career of pillage and torture, unredeemed by one single thread of humanity, suddenly at the end invoke our pity. Dramatically the death of a Tamburlaine must surely be—to be fitting—as bestial as his life, as violent and lurid as, say, Mussolini's.

Then there is the verse. How the rhetoric clangs and thunders, and how seldom and fitfully it lightens into poetry! It is a band without strings, all banging brass and thumping drums, through which now and again the almost human oboe sounds. Marlowe's "mighty line" turns out to be little better than Technicolor announcing that it is going to bring the whole thing more alive than ever, and ending by doing just the opposite. Rhetoric, the essential ground bass of the dramatic mode, is not enough.

Literary London will certainly be grateful to Mr. Guthrie for putting on *Tamburlaine the Great*. And he has no need to fear that inadequacies and mistakes on his part will "confuse our judgment." It is true that his attempts to pump in humour are, as always, almost childishly wrong, but the occasions are few and we can easily discount them. Apart from this, his production catches and matches the spirit of this "savage oratorio," to use his own very apt description of the play. The huge cast follow Mr. Guthrie's direction with enormous enthusiasm: there is not much opportunity for individual performance, but noticeable are David Greene, Lee Montague, Reginald Tate as Tamburlaine's followers, and Miss Jill Balcon as Zenocrate, while Miss Margaret Rawlings and Mr. Leo McKern share a fine scene. But in the last analysis surely the fact is that *Tamburlaine the Great* is only an Elizabethan shocker, indulging on the grand scale a crude taste for exhibited cruelty. Only feebly, for a moment, in Zenocrate, does any contrasting voice of compassion or humanity sound. For the most part it is savagery unrelieved and uncontrasted. It would be more bearable if Tamburlaine's descent into the abyss of cruelty were made from some moral standards or values. The spectacle of the descent of a beast into a mad beast is hardly in the end even interesting. But we are grateful for this production. It certainly proves that literary critics are wrong when they argue that *Tamburlaine* is unplayable. It doesn't prove them wrong when they have argued that the play is hardly worth playing. It has taken Mr. Guthrie's magnificent eye for the theatrical effect to see that the play can be staged: I wonder if it has opened his other eye—his blind eye—to the fact that theatrical possibility is only the beginning of the question.

No contrast to Marlowe's savage redomontade could come on our eyes and ears more refreshingly than the comedy by Marivaux, *Les Fausses Confidences*, with which the Renaud-Barrault season brilliantly opened at the St. James's. I hope to write about the first visit to London of this remarkable company next week. Meanwhile, they are here only till October 13; the St. James's is a small theatre and you are advised to book early. The rest of their repertory consists of Claudel's *Partage de Midi* and Gide's *Œdipe*, together with Salacrou's *Les Nuits de la Colère* in one programme: and in another two Molière plays, *Amphitryon* and *Les Fourberies de Scapin*.

T. C. WORSLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

I WISH there were much more public discussion and controversy between artists and critics than there is. Writers, dramatists, film-makers and radio men may resent the criticism published about their work, but they are too content to grumble about it to over-sympathetic colleagues instead of presenting their case to a public which is not preoccupied with the "shop" of regular production, and would like to hear their views as well as those of the critics. I am glad, therefore, that J. B. Priestley replied in the *News Chronicle* to those writers who had complained about the play he wrote specially for television, *Treasure on Pelican*. The substance of this complaint was that the play, though good entertainment, made little or no use of the technical possibilities of television; his reply was they had got what they had claimed to be good entertainment through the medium of television, so what were they fussing about? I am inclined here to take the dramatist's part. Every medium produces a certain range of technical resources, but it is artistic sharp practice to draw further on these resources than is necessary to express fully what is to be said. Or we could put it that there are two levels of technical adroitness, the showy way which pulls out all the available stops and presses all the available pedals, and the self-disciplined way which uses the medium with the quiet efficiency that makes the particular dramatic situation in hand effective. *Treasure on Pelican* seemed to me a play in which the voice of Mr. Priestley was satisfactorily expressed. I do not think we have a right to ask a dramatist to employ a more elaborate technique than he does unless we are quite sure that the play he has chosen to write would actually gain by it.

A good play, sympathetically produced by Tatiana Lieven, was H. E. Bates's *The Day of Glory*. This pulled no punches on the subject of the mental sufferings of an elderly Colonel who had been badly wounded in the head during World War I, and of his nephew, a fighter pilot,

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whose nerves are over-strained through the intense air warfare of World War II. There were no technical frills to this production, just good writing and good performances, especially by Arthur Wonter as the Colonel and by Mary Merrall as the pilot's mother. Another success of television this past month was George Foa's production of *La Bohème*. Stephen Bundy's well-lit sets (the settings on television seem to have improved in general during the past year or so) helped considerably to establish the atmosphere of what became with so much relative close-shot a kind of intimate-opera, dramatic and moving, especially at the end. Television can do a great service by bringing suitable operas to the screen with reasonable regularity.

A programme I would like to mention specially is *Flowing Shapes* in the series *Adventure in Sight*, which is edited and introduced, perhaps a little self-consciously, by Le Roux Smith Le Roux. This was a real television subject, with its development of visual comparisons between line and rhythm in nature and art. It contained one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen on television—a long sequence, without any commentary whatsoever except the roar of a bunsen burner, in which a glass sculptor finished a model, the soft, mobile, white glass responding to his deft manipulations until the exquisite little figure rose completed from the flame.

Television will have to go warily with its proposed experiments in the schools. The first programmes (a "pilot" experimental series on a special wavelength directed to a few selected schools near Alexandra Palace next year) are to be followed by a second series on the public service in 1953, with a view to starting regular programmes in 1954. Rightly handled, television can bring an even wider educational service to the schools than sound radio, for most children learn more quickly by eye than by ear. But children will expect great efficiency from the television screen, which they will always unconsciously compare with the cinema. Presentation must be of the best, and above all the personalities of those who speak, in vision and without scripts, to the children and their teachers must inspire confidence. Children go out of their way to spot adult weaknesses. The main problem will not be to find the right subjects, but the people who can present them rightly.

ROGER MANVELL

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THE MOVIES

"The Lady with a Lamp," at Warner's
"Behold the Man," at the New Gallery
"Highway 301," at the London Pavilion

Asked why he had chosen to write *St. Joan*, Shaw is reported as having answered, "To save her from Drinkwater." Somebody might have saved Florence Nightingale. Obviously for a while she had stood perilously high on the Neagle-Wilcox list. Nurse Cavell, Queen Victoria—who else, in that English succession, could possibly come next? Not Emily Brontë, not Mrs. Beeton or Mrs. Webb, not Boadicea. No, it had to be Florence Nightingale: and there's no Shaw of the cinema. Here, as the evenings close in, is another devoted woman with the acerbities rubbed away, another likeness in plastic. Miss Florence loved dancing, but nursing more; she fought the good fight for being late for dinner, for women's professional standards, and the disruption of Army incompetence; and as Miss Nightingale, having finally conquered all hearts by her nobility and patience, she was rewarded in her ninetieth year with the O.M. Politics had wheeled round her, romance touched her distantly. She was a lady in the best sense of the word, a lady with a lamp. This seems to be the film's message, and it is somewhat outdated. Miss Anna Neagle plays the part with dignity and sincerity; but the horrid fact remains that, despite some authenticity of background, what she conveys is less Florence Nightingale than another tribute to shining womanhood.

The occasion, at least, of *Behold the Man* is more remarkable. While the Lord Chamberlain still exerts his ban on impersonations of Christ in a theatre, censorship has so far relaxed itself as to allow a story of the Passion Week on the screen. I wish I could add that this opportunity had been as remarkably seized. It has not. Mr. Walter Rilla, directing a company of amateur Catholic players, has chosen a difficult stylisation. The actors mime, with very little change of expression and more slowly than one can bear, while a hidden speaker impresses the great narrative; church music swells the effect; the scenes are stage scenes. The trouble is, not with the method—for in the hands of a Dreyer this might have been a masterpiece—but that it has been far too timidly carried out. All we are made to feel is distant awe, and the figure of Christ (played by a young London priest of striking countenance) remains unemphatic. Pilate seemed to me the part most successfully mimed. But if *Behold the Man* is a failure, it was an attempt enormously well worth making, and it may have loosened a few bolts of theatrical prejudice.

Highway 301 is the stereotyped gangster film, though not a bad one. Its bank robbers (taken from life) are peculiarly ruthless killers who believe in working in public by the light of day. We are assured at the beginning, and see in the end, that crime doesn't pay. The time may be coming when it won't thrill either.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Mural Paintings, at the Whitechapel Gallery

The paintings, which are by John Napper, are high up on the wall round three sides of the entrance foyer. They were paid for out of the Edwin Austin Abbey Memorial Trust Fund: a fund started in 1938 (but previously never used) for the encouragement of public mural painting. That the Trustees of the Gallery thought in terms of mural paintings and not distempers, that a young, worthy but not very well-known painter was chosen, that he was paid well—all this is so good that one hesitates to criticise the result. Yet one must, for the only mistake has an obvious moral. It concerns the subject-matter—*The Seasons*. All the main figures, clothed in trousers or nondescript dresses, are allegorical, representing Autumn, Darkness, Artemis, etc. Such a subject was unsuitable for a painter with a rather impersonal Cézanne-like attitude to form, and is equally unsuitable for the place, the age and the public. The symbols have lost their vitality and intelligibility. All the figures have the same faces and all look as if they are playing a sort of Mythological Blind Man's Buff. Who, for example, will be able to distinguish between Abandon and Discipline, flying so hefily through the air, one with one arm up and one with one arm down? Who is going to appreciate the subtlety in the representation of Spring by a man in trousers? Mural paintings, being more diffused and more naturally restrained than easel pictures, must make their point in the way they *apply*—either visually or symbolically—to the places they decorate. These do not apply and so, despite passages of good painting and some very able organisation, they seem boring. Looking at them is like watching people with whom one would rather talk, performing a historical pageant in the village hall.

J. B.

Charles Malfrey, 1887-1941, at the Marlborough Gallery

Frankly, I am mystified. Malfrey, after a bitterly hard life, has now gained a genuine reputation in France. The claim in the catalogue introduction that he was the equal of Rodin or Maillol is absurd; but obviously he was a sculptor of importance. Yet, by themselves, these 12 bronzes and 40 drawings would never have convinced me of that. Certainly, the bronze of an old woman's head was moving and was made even more so by its sensitive brutality—the emotional equivalent of a lover's clumsiness. Certainly the strong simplified swimmers were intense, invigorating—excellent. But the rest of the bronzes, apart from a study for a war memorial figure, seemed stunted, and nearly all the drawings, when one had allowed for the charm of the sanguine chalk and the stimulus of their pronounced sexuality, seemed weak. Malfrey was trained as a stone-mason and I suspect that he was at his best working on a large scale; that he was a passionate, irregular artist who needed to work, fighting a hard surface, a solid problem—who needed that sort of resistance to sharpen and concentrate his energy; and who in fact was forced during most of his life to fight amorphous prejudice and poverty. In other words, I suspect that this show and probably a good deal of his work does not do him justice. But if ever I am there I shall certainly look at the war memorial in Orléans.

J. B.

Correspondence

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—As a Socialist schoolmaster with experience of education in Technical College and Grammar School, I write to underline Mr. Crossman's article in your journal on August 25 last, and to protest against the rather boorish and ill-informed attack on him by your correspondents on September 15. It is particularly unfortunate that both correspondents should question his interest in a subject on which he can speak with greater authority than either of them and which has certainly not lacked his active interest.

Mr. Smith and Miss Bacon support the policy contained in the Labour pamphlet, "A Policy for Secondary Education"; neither show any appreciation of the detrimental effect which the wholesale replacement of the grammar school by the so-called Comprehensive school would have on the education of the more gifted—intellectually—children of the working class and the lower middle class, to say the least.

Is it entirely coincidental that the Labour Party and the State grammar school have grown from nothing, side by side, during the last fifty years; that by 1945 both had achieved a position of some eminence within this country and beyond; and that the decline in support for the party over the last four years or so has also been accompanied by

a decline in the standards of the grammar school (which are both directly due to Labour policy)?

The work of the State grammar schools has been enjoyed by a minority of the school population—and appreciated by a still smaller minority of the adult population. Consequently numerous speakers from the Labour benches in the parliamentary debate on the new "general certificate of education" could make the alleged point that opposition to the introduction of that examination came only from the grammar schools and universities, in (apparently) blissful ignorance of the fact that these were the only two groups directly concerned with it and fully qualified to assess its effects. (Many parents have learned, in the last week or two, how wide of the mark the newspapers' assessments of the change could be.) When the effects of the examination are fully seen over the next few years it will be clear that they have not been in the interests of the children most concerned, although they may win for Labour a vote of thanks (but not a parliamentary one!) from the Public Schools. Indeed, as Dick Crossman says, "One of the strangest features of the Labour Government has been its failure to develop a policy for education to match the reform of medicine which began with the National Health Service." According to his present critics, by analogy, medical specialists should first have been abolished in the interests of "parity," thereby giving all G.P.s an equal opportunity to kill their patients!

Real Socialists, of necessity, demand the best education available for all children in the community. It is odd, therefore, to find that the pamphlet concerned simultaneously takes the best features of the Public School system as a base for its future model school and consigns to the rubbish heap that part of the State system which has most successfully adopted and adapted them. Do the authors really believe that by putting four "modern" and one grammar school into one institution—and that too large for a real unit of child community—the standards will rise for the many rather than fall for the few? And moreover, doing it at a time when the best qualified are being attracted away from the schools by better salaries in Technical Colleges, industry and commerce! Surely it is Miss Bacon who shows not "the remotest idea of the practical difficulties in our present-day Educational System", not Dick Crossman—who merely pin-points the difficulties in the new proposals.

May one ask Miss Bacon to make a constructive suggestion, since she takes Mr. Crossman to task on that score? Will she explain how, within her Comprehensive school, the more academic stream is to be selected except on the basis of previous record and examination—the method commonly used not only by local authorities now, but also used within schools to determine the various streams? (You do not dodge this problem merely by putting all teen-agers under one roof.) In asking this I would add that many of us are aware the present *method* of selection needs to be improved upon, without, however, denying the *need* for such selection.

Whatever the detail of any system of education, it will remain true that the future of the Socialist movement will be influenced by the intellectually able out of all proportion to their number, and the Labour Party will ignore this truth at its peril. It is commonly assumed in Labour circles that grammar schools are staffed by die-hard Tories. Not only is this false, but a considerable proportion of them helped to swell the Labour poll in 1945. As a result of their experience of Labour policy, however, it is probably true that far fewer were in the Labour camp in 1950, and virtually certain that there will be further defections in this election. And their reasons for the change are not easy to contravert.

Essex. MINERSON

BERLIN FESTIVAL

SIR,—When I returned to Berlin after an absence I was startled to read in Critic's column an account of the East Berlin Festival of Youth which I found hard to recognise though I had been in Berlin at the time, and had seen a good deal of the Festival.

It is true that on one occasion the West Berlin police did hold up some Blue-shirts who were trying to cross from the east sector. A convoy of lorries carrying 9,000 young men with bundles of leaflets which are just as illegal in West Berlin as western leaflets are in East Berlin crossed the sector boundary. When they were held up by the police the occupants of the lorries leapt down and attacked with sticks and stones. Being vastly superior in numbers (9,000 is the Communist estimate of their strength) they mauled the handful of point-duty police rather badly until reinforcements summoned by radio arrived.

This organised band is presumably the large group which Critic mentions, but he does not say anything about the 900,000 (official estimate) Festival delegates who came over singly or in groups during the fortnight, and who were given the grand welcome which Critic so rightly thinks they should have had. They were entertained in West Berlin Youth Centres, and greeted on the streets with sympathy and generosity by the west Berliners.

No one in the west did anything to stop these peaceful members of the Free German Youth movement or the foreign delegates to the Festival. But their own Peoples' Police arrested many of them when they returned, and noted the names of others for future action, which in many cases has now been taken. The eastern police were assisted by special squads of FDJ members, who could be seen on many occasions dragging would-be visitors to the West from buses, trams and underground trains at sector crossings, which were regularly patrolled.

As for bookshops, visitors interested in sex and gangster trash can see as much of it in West Berlin as in any other large western city. If they are interested in Graham Greene, Dostoevsky, Sartre, Keats, Kafka or Bertrand Russell, they can see these authors just as easily, together with current and classical German works. In East Berlin they can see Stalin, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Russian and German classics. They can also see newspapers which all prate of peace while stimulating hatred and malice by a constant gush of savage and vulgar abuse of all who disagree with them.

It is not disputed that young people in East Germany are intensely interested in music and drama, and those who visited the West proved their interest by accepting thousands of free tickets offered them by West Berlin opera, drama, cinema and concert theatres.

The British and American delegates to the Festival were indeed well-cared for in excellent camps. They were intended to go back to their homes with stories, perfectly true, of their well-administered and interesting stay in East Berlin. Children and young people from East Germany, whose propaganda value was not so high did not fare so well. A large proportion of the 900,000 Festival visitors to West Berlin were served with hot meals in Youth Centres (some of the guests being as young as eight or nine years old) and many of them complained of not having had a hot meal since they left their homes several days before. These meals were provided by the *Berliner Senat*, the German Red Cross, with gifts from private persons, west Berlin firms, Holland, and the Western Allies in Berlin. ENGLISH RESIDENT

The Press Club,
Berlin, B.A.O.R.2.

[Critic writes: "This is indeed another—and very welcome—side of the picture. My account was of the impression made upon a non-Communist who attended the Conference. He was, unhappily, not alone in coming away with this impression, which, on our correspondents' showing, emphasises my point about the success of Soviet propaganda."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FEAR NEUROSIS

SIR,—If Spender will re-read my letter, he will see that I made three points only, none of them, I think, really germane to his reply. The first is that American policy, in common with that of other nations, but more than that of any other nation, is the expression of pathological fear, not of the purposes it professes. The second is that this fear seems to me to originate, at least in part, from the guilt engendered by total war in a traditionally pacific public. My reason for citing Syngman Rhee rather than the North Koreans was that guilt is normally the result of our own actions, not those of our opponents. Spender doubts whether

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the American military authorities "advocate" that the next war should be waged from the outset with the total and indiscriminate destruction of enemy populations as its main weapon. Evidently he does not read the newspapers. I never said that Eisenhower had advocated aggressive war—no war, in the modern world, is ever aggressive. But he has expressed his willingness to use "any and every weapon" (I think those were his words, though I am open to correction) including the atom and perhaps the hydrogen bomb if necessary. To my mind, it is a grave sign of the extent to which unreason can spread when an intelligent man with heavy military responsibilities can believe that the indiscriminate butchery of enemy civilians, even on the Korean scale, can defend any aspect of civilisation. As Louis Mumford has said, the acceptance of genocide has gradually become general. Whether that genocide is "defensive" or "aggressive" does not matter significantly to the victims, as Korea has abundantly shown. Lastly, I said that American policy, and through it our own, was being influenced by a small but vocal body of mental patients. Spender makes this into an indictment of the Marshall Plan. Whether these mental patients exist or not, and how far the present social forces in America enable them to bring pressure on more sensible leaders, or to "infect" them with a general climate of unreason, I leave others to judge from the record. To call me emotionally motivated, which, like all human beings, I may well be, or a Communist, which I am not and never have been, cannot, I think, obscure the magnitude of the psychological danger which American civilisation runs to-day, and of which American psychiatrists, judging by their writings, are increasingly aware.

British public opinion is, I believe, the only factor in the world situation which holds in its hands the power of healing this ailment, and of strengthening the hands of the vast majority of sane and civilised Americans. It was to this opinion that I appealed, and I invite Spender to discharge his responsibility as a writer in doing the same.

20 Honor Oak Road, ALEX COMFORT
London, S.E.23.

GREEK ELECTIONS

SIR,—In your opinion the defeat of the Greek Socialist Party (ELD) was due to its wavering timidity. On the contrary, it is certain that our defeat is due to the brave stand of our party when it decided to participate in the elections under conditions which made its failure certain.

Wavering on the part of our party did not exist, at least since 1945. On the contrary, we have reaffirmed positively as well as negatively, with our policy and our independent action in Parliament for a period of 15 months, that we stand firmly by the principles and tactics of Democratic Socialism and that we oppose the Communist Party, its aims and its tactics. We asked for a collaboration with Mr. Plastiras, and during the municipal elections of April, 1951, we achieved that with good results. Yet, Mr. Plastiras did not accept such general collaboration. When Mr. Papagos announced that he would take part in the elections, a fact that we had forecast, we repeatedly approached Mr. Plastiras with the same proposal in the belief that such a collaboration with the Centre would be useful to democracy. But he again refused. With E.D.A., which received the votes of the Communists, we refused collaboration and we preferred to take part in the elections on our own—so that we could remain consistent with our line of policy though we knew how difficult it was to secure even a few seats. This, quite evidently, does not show timidity. Besides, during the civil war years we never let down the banner of democracy, moderation and opposition to every kind of extremism and to the Greek Communist Party, even when we were persecuted by the Right expressly for this reason, as fellow-travellers, or when the C.P. were at Karpenissi and Athens was afraid for its safety. It was just at that time (January, 1949) that we strongly attacked and condemned the decisions of the 5th Plenum of the C.P.

The electoral law, under which the elections took place, had as its admitted aim the strengthening of only three "big" parties and the extermination of all other parties. This immediately produced the psychology of the "wasted vote," given to a small party. The appearance of Mr. Papagos in the election arena and the consequent danger of anti-democratic developments had as its immediate result the polarisation of the tendencies of the voters. On the one hand they coalesced round Mr. Papagos—whom they considered as a new leader of the conservative and reactionary Right—and on the other hand, mainly round Mr. Plastiras, who was looked upon as leader of the Centre, capable of defending democracy from the perils it was facing, and around Mr. Venizelos, also opposed to Mr. Papagos. Thus the democratic voter preferred Mr. Plastiras to us, as we could not be expected to secure 17 per cent. of the electoral vote all over the country (that is to say about 300,000 votes) and because it was the first time we were participating in the elections by ourselves; and because, due to the great cost, we had candidates only in 11 voting departments (out of 41) and our lists were not complete.

Similarly, the voters of the Right preferred Mr. Papagos to Mr. Tsaldaris, who suffered an unprecedented defeat (he was the only candidate who was elected from his party). A similar victim of the electoral law, and maybe of the polarisation, was Mr. Papandreou, who was not even elected. It should be noted that in the 1950 elections Mr. Tsaldaris had 65 deputies and Mr. Papandreou 35.

Many Communists voted for Mr. Plastiras who, borrowing our own slogans (amnesty, etc.) gave the impression that he would be able to carry them through as a "big" party, while we could not.

The policy of the Governments of the last fifteen months has been most unhappy. Instead of solving the internal problem by an amnesty and by releasing the deportees, an act that would deprive the C.P. of many of its arguments, the Government maintains the existing situation and permits the persecution of our party (conviction to death of Tselios, Psaromytas, trial of Yannina) a fact that produced a fear as regards the fate of our own friends though they were established democrats and Socialists, members of our party for a very long time.

The fact that in the 11 electoral departments 5,000 electors voted for us (and they would have been probably 18,000 or 20,000 if we had candidates in all 41 departments) and were able to withstand the swing towards Mr. Plastiras means that there exists in the country a good nucleus of Socialists that can be useful in future and happier developments.

Athens. A. SVOLOS,
President of the Socialist Party

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HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—There is a clear implication in Mr. Sherrard's letter as there is in the Criminal Justice Act 1948, which he quotes, that some sort of *cure* of adult homosexuality is possible as a result of psychological treatment—he does in fact move from implication to a plain statement about cures in his last sentence. But no experienced expert on such matters would to-day expect a cure by any means whatever, any more than Hirschfeld did years ago—"Benkert emphasises that homosexuality occurs both in men and women and is inborn and unconquerable. Since homosexuality is congenital, it cannot be eliminated by psychological means. I have known a large number of inverts who have undergone hypnotic treatment, but not one was cured. The same applies to psychoanalysis, in regard to which Stekel, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, writes that he has never seen a cure by this means." This is corroborated by Kinsey, who finds that "there is an increasing proportion of the most skilled psychiatrists who make no attempt to redirect behaviour"; while Dr. Norman Haire said recently: "In thirty years' experience of sexological practice I have never seen a homosexual, either male or female, cured by any sort of treatment, psychological or physical. It is difficult to understand why anybody should want to 'cure' homosexuals. What is really needed is to cure misguided public opinion which condemns and penalises persons who deviate sexually from what we are accustomed to call 'normal,' even when their deviation does not harm either individuals or the community."

In any case, when the question of homosexuality is approached dispassionately and without religious, "moral," or emotional prejudice (arising out of ignorance), it would really seem that there is no more point in trying to make a homosexual heterosexual than there is in attempting to change a normal person into an invert—an attempt to achieve the impossible in both cases.

The most that anyone, expert or layman, can do for a homosexual is to persuade him to accept himself as he is and to regulate his activities so that he does not fall foul of the law (a law which, dating from an edict of Justinian, A.D. 538, is, according to Dr. Kenneth Walker, "archaic and brutal, and on no grounds whatever can its retention be justified; it is as silly as it is cruel"). For, as Dr. Comfort has said, "one may get seven years for homosexuality by consent—for savagely beating a child the sadist might possibly get six months." MICHAEL R. C. LAURIE
4 Spa House, The Hill,
Richmond, Surrey.

HAND-MADE SHOES

SIR,—In his article in your issue of last week on the boot and shoe industry, Mr. Vallance states that he regrets that "except for a small and declining market among tax-dodgers and poules de luxe, cordwainery as a pure handicraft is dying."

It may be that the latter part of this statement is true but the position is hardly likely to be improved by pouring scorn on the few remaining patrons of the hand-craftsmen in the industry. This is a sad case of "snobbery in reverse," I fear.

The present day price of hand-made shoes is, of course, appalling and the gap between it and that of the cheapest is now, no doubt, widened by the incidence of purchase tax. Even so there is still a good deal to be said for the former if only for the incredibly longer life of the hand-made shoe.

Surely, also, one may feel that it is worth paying a little extra, and it is only a little in cost per annum, for something that, being the product of fine workmanship, not only looks and fits better but becomes steadily more comfortable as it gets older.

Greys Court, FELIX BRUNNER
Henley-on-Thames.

STRAVINSKY

SIR,—I am surprised to find so intelligent a critic as Mr. Shawe-Taylor accusing Stravinsky, in his criticism of *The Rake's Progress*, of misaccentuation in the setting of the text. In the line quoted, "The woods are green," "the" and "are" fall on the first beats of a two-four measure, but Mr. Shawe-Taylor considers they should come on the second beat instead. He should examine the songs of John Dowland (and Tudor vocal music in general) which show with what rhythmic freedom words were treated before the tyranny of the bar line set in. He would find that there is no such thing as a first beat *necessarily* strong.

Singers, in order to interpret vocal lines of such freedom, should be put through a course of plain chant and polyphony and Stravinsky should not be blamed for their tendency to treat all first and third beats in common time as "strong."

ALEC ROBERTSON
Apsley, Pulborough, Sussex.

Books in General

THE thirty or forty years that lie between the last novel of Smollett and the first of Scott or Jane Austen is generally spoken of as a barren period in the English novel. There were Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth, there was Beckford and there was Godwin; hundreds of novels came from the press and were eagerly sought at the circulating libraries, but it was a time rather like our own, when genius was lacking and when critics spoke of the end of the novel. We can do no more than guess at the causes of this sterility. The novel had become set in its habits; it required new subject matter (Scott) or a new point of view about human nature (Jane Austen). It remained too close to the point of view and comfort of its addicts. It had exhausted its earlier function of reforming manners and was not yet in sight of its later function of reforming society; for ideological quarrels—like those of the revolutionary period—have never stimulated the English novelist very much, greatly as they have affected the poets, the philosophers and historians. The revival, when it did come at the end of the Napoleonic wars, was in the hands of conservatives like Jane Austen and Scott; and though minor writers had professed advanced views, they seem to have been too caught up in the didactic and merely topical to come to anything much.

Robert Bage was one of the novelists of this empty time. He has earned a few lines in the histories of literature. Scott thought him worth a memoir and, rather indulgently, spoke of his genius. He was born in 1728 and died in 1801, thirteen years before the publication of *Waverley*, and he belonged to the small group of "novelists with a purpose" who surround the name of Godwin and who were influenced by Rousseau and Voltaire. His best known novel, *Hermsprong, or Man As He is Not**, has just been republished for those who are interested in the curiosities of literature and, as its title suggests, it is on the good old subject of Rousseau's natural man. The world is a small place, but time is even smaller: half of the amusement of *Hermsprong* for the contemporary reader lies in the fact that he will have met people and ideas very like those of Robert Bage. One has only to exchange Russia for America, Kierkegaard for Swedenborg, the emancipation of women—well, for the emancipation of women—to recognise Bage's geography. He is sometimes a rambling and boring novelist. He suffers from the fault that is common among writers who enjoy class indignation: an inability, as Scott said, to describe the hated class above him or the pitied class below, except in caricature. He also lacks the sheer capacity and efficiency which distinguishes the novelists of the top rank—but this is nearly always true of the minor novelists. The gross faults of a Scott or a Balzac are swallowed up by their genius; in the minor writers, as time goes by, every incompetence in construction and narrative stands out.

Against the many faults of Bage must be put two or three virtues. He is witty and epigrammatic, and he writes clean prose, he has an eye for comedy uncommon among writers who preach, he is amusing and he draws the people of his own class well. He domesticates the moral quarrels of his time. For Bage, in the true 18th-century tradition, was an original and an amateur. His oddity began in childhood, for his father had four wives and the boy was brought up, it is said, by three stepmothers. He was a self-educated Quaker and after he went into business as a paper manufacturer, he continued his industrious studies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, mathematics and history. His business letters—Scott quotes from many in his Memoir—are literary concoctions; offers of goods, arguments about prices are mixed up with religious asides, free-thinking assertions, exasperation at the Excise officers who persecuted him in the hope (as far as one can see) of corruptly exploiting a man who would be politically unpopular, for Bage was a mild and saintly revolutionary.

As a business-man novelist, Bage anticipates some things in the conversational novels of Peacock. He likes getting the innocent and the climbing parson together. He loves describing unreasonable people. He is willing to sit up half the night arguing about the morality of flattering women and how to improve their minds. He was too mild, good and cranky a man to make much of the strong central idea of the book: the sudden appearance of the natural man in a West Country parish. Hermsprong is of European extraction but has been brought up by Red Indians. They are superior to Europeans because they despise excessive work and the accumulation of wealth and, but for their lack of intellectual converse—dear 18th century!—they would be the ideal of the human race. They get along without Christianity; the Great White Bear does them very well. Hermsprong, however, has not been left in the great Progressive School of the American forests; he has been "finished"—rather as the exemplary Mr. Day was—in France. He can turn a phrase until English ladies are giddy and conduct a flirtation in the third person with the most elegant society. Of course, he is not flirting. He is the natural man speaking with rational candour. This is fatal with lords and baronets who are not used to being treated without deference; Hermsprong leaves them storming because he won't take his hat off, picks up one little baronet and plumps him over a garden fence, and writes heavily ironical letters to them proving to them that they are without heart or bowels of compassion. This is all very well, but a livelier novelist than Bage would have done more with the natural man than send him round on a walking tour rebuking English country society. Was there very much difference between the advanced Mr. Bage playing the "noble savage" and the reactionary ladies of Versailles who played at shepherdesses?

Scott thought that Hermsprong was wooden, but he is a knotty piece of wood. Humility to a proud man is a price, Hermsprong says, he cannot pay. But where, asks Miss Campinet, is the price not paid?

"Amongst the aborigines of America, Miss Campinet. And," added Mr. Hermsprong with a smile, "I was born a savage."

Miss Campinet felt the strongest sort of feeling; she never could tell what it was like.

"You astonish me, sir," said she, "but there is a mystery; you are not of savage parents?"

"No; of unfortunate Europeans; I might have been born in France."

"England, I presume, has had the greatest share in your education?"

"No, Miss Campinet; till a few weeks since, I never saw England; the language, equally with French and that of an Indian tribe, I have spoken from infancy."

"But your manners?"

"Cannot, I fear, be to the taste of English ladies. I have indeed been learning to dance and make a bow in France. It is six years since I have been endeavouring to acquire the European arts. Of my progress I cannot boast. I cannot learn to offer incense at the shrine of wealth and power, nor at any shrines but those of probity and virtue. I cannot learn to surrender my opinion from complaisance, or from any principle of adulation. Nor can I learn to suppress the sentiments of a free-born mind, from any fear, religious or political. Such uncourtly obduracy has my savage education produced."

"I must own, Mr. Hermsprong, you interest me; you make me desirous of deserving your esteem and friendship. But situated as I am . . . You know, sir, I do not command in my father's house."

"Perhaps it is the only place you do not, or might not, if you please."

"Did you," Miss Campinet asked with a smile, "did you learn this of the aborigines of America? It tastes of France."

"One learns something everywhere."

Oh, arch young Quaker! Oh, knowing Puritan! What one gets from the minor and lighter novelists and especially from an amateur like Bage, is a notion of the day-dreams, the talk of the times. Lord Grondale is a caricature of a lord, and it is said that Bage never met one. He had obviously met a lord's housekeeper and mistress, for the misused but calculating Mrs. Stone estimating the worth of her ruin, is from nature. His card-playing cronies and his yes-man, the rector—"I—I coalesce with a man who failed in respect to your lordship!"—are done from life. And one does not forget the daring Miss Fluart who allows herself to be led to the temple in Lord Grondale's garden. A place of ingeniously reflecting mirrors, it is furnished with mythological pictures which have only one subject and a "very lively sofa" which has only one suggestion. Miss Fluart soon finds her hair coming down and her dress being clawed at by the peer. She masters him and when he apologises, saying he was merely trying for a kiss, she replies teasingly: "I thought you were trying to undress me." Miss Fluart is on the way to being a wit like Elizabeth Bennett and is just as self-possessed; but—the difference in female speech in an earlier and more robust generation!

Bage is at his best with his women characters. The mistress-housekeeper, the church-going spinster who adores an elopement, the business-man's silly daughter, the frightened daughter of Lord Grondale, and the laconic bourgeois Mrs. Sumelin with her artless bêtises, are an amusing collection, and the dialogue rattles along with the sprightliness of stage comedy. Miss Fluart playing her double game of pretending to marry Lord Grondale,

* *Hermsprong, or Man As He is Not.* By ROBERT BAGE. Introduction by Vaughan Wilkins. *Turnstile Press.* 10s. 6d.

in order to soften his heart towards his daughter, is always engaging. And Mr. Sumelin, the enlightened business-man from Falmouth, is pleasantly reasonable. Let the girls elope—it is all experience. Indeed it reminds him of a story he once heard, that the ladies of a certain Turkish harem, four hundred of them, were all brought to bed on the same day. Is it (Mr. Sumelin asks) improbable? A rationalist is a man who would like to believe everything.

One can see why the advanced lady readers of Bage sent his book into two editions. Scott in his kind, correcting, humming and hawing way, pointed out the dangerous thoughts. Bage had imbibed certain free-thinking ideas that society knew were incorrect. He was not reliable on the subject of the Deity. He was to be mistrusted about sexual freedom. In one book—not *Hermsprong*—he had gone so far as to let the reader suspect he would give women the same right to err sexually as men had. Scott spends two or three pages in exposing this error. Hermsprong, the Quaker-Indian, reverts to the Puritan view, but in philosophical disguise and imagines a heterosexual Utopian society in which men may, lamentably, fall at times, but women never do. The mixture of argument and comedy, revolution and country life, in a writer who always made his point wittily and even daringly was obviously right for the libraries. And the ladies would notice that Mr. Bage was a sensible man; for though he begged them to be as forthright as men, as well-educated and as independent, to ignore frivolity, gee-gaws and endless day-dreaming about love and elopements, he was careful to portray them as creatures who lived, and even succeeded, by *their* wits, rather than by *his* sermons. The present edition of *Hermsprong* has an enthusiastic rambling preface by Mr. Vaughan Wilkins. There is talk of "the English Voltaire." Let us call Mr. Bage a cheerful English worthy, without a grain of malice in him, who helps to keep the English novel going in a dry season.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CRADLE SONG

Erce . . . Erce . . . Erce
Primigravida

curled like a hoop in sleep
unearthly of manufacture,
tissue of blossom and clay
bone the extract of air
fountain of nature

softly knitted by kisses
added to stitch by stitch
by sleep of the dying heart,
by water and wool and air,
gather a fabric rich.

earth contracted to earth
in ten toes: the cardinals.
in ten fingers: the bishops.
ears by two, eyes by two,
watch the mirror watching you,

and now hush

the nightwalkers bringing peace,
seven the badges of grace
five the straw caps of talent,
one the scarf of desire, go
mimic your mother's lovely face.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

ENGLISH SOCIALISM

Philosophical Foundations of English Socialism By ADAM B. ULAM. *Harvard University Press: Cumberlege.* 24s.

Unlike most writers about the Labour Party, Professor Ulam goes straight to the root of the matter. What, he asks, has been the *philosophy* of English Socialism? The italics are mine.

He starts with a long discussion of Oxford Idealism; he argues that it was Green, Bradley and Bosanquet who effectively broke the back of philosophic individualism and gave the State a moral personality. Their intellectual victory was so complete that, for more than two generations, they provided the philosophical assumptions of a decisive section of our politicians, civil servants, social theorists, and of the men who taught them. Then, having shown that the State was morally competent, they opened the next question—why its job was to promote social welfare. Green put the answer in this way. The citizen can only find his "real freedom" in the State, but he is incapable of fulfilling properly his consequent social obligations so long as he is uneducated, hungry, sick, or prey to the demoralisations of insecurity. The next stage, added in the early part of this century, was to marry this positive view of the State with the utilitarian case for full political democracy. The result was a reformist social philosophy, but it was not yet a philosophy of reform, concerned with specific problems.

Mr. Ulam finds a second bridge between the Oxford Idealists and the modern Labour Party. One of the things that sprang from their Oxford was the concept of adult education, and specifically of the extra-mural boards and the W.E.A. It was Green who saw that the appearance of the working class on the political stage as voters required a vast extension of education. His purpose, in a sense, was to make them "gentlemen," fit to sit with him upon the Oxford City Council. Professor R. H. Tawney and Green's pupil, Dr. A. D. Lindsay, took over this idea. They added to it the belief that education was meaningless unless it was set in the context of social change: "man's craving for a sense of equality has to be satisfied first, before he is willing and qualified to participate in political affairs." It is not so much success at the polls that has to be achieved, but "a conscious re-thinking of certain social and moral questions by a majority of the citizens." Such an approach brought Lindsay and a number of other Labour theorists to various forms of pluralism in the first decades of this century. The pluralists, despite their apparent divergence from their Idealist teachers, were trying to tackle the same problem: to discover the optimum conditions of democratic citizenship. The difference was that they located "real freedom" in voluntary associations, rather than in the State as a whole. The State that they confronted had not yet substituted Welfare for Individualism, but the political function, first of the Fabians, and then of the Labour Party, was to stimulate and to carry through this transition.

Thus, while Mr. Ulam's breeding guide does not explain how Labour runs each separate race of policy, it does explain a great deal about the way the dominant section of the Labour leadership—trained by the Idealists, by the Fabians and by the W.E.A.—has approached political issues. It explains also the philosophical undertones of Labour's economic thinking, and it suggests the conclusion that some of the weaknesses of the Labour Party are hereditary.

First, for most of the last fifty years, Labour has shown an excessive preoccupation with domestic problems and an almost cavalier neglect of foreign affairs. Its attitude to the outside world has had much the same air of *a priorism* and unreality that marked both the Idealists and the pluralists. Next, the Fabian-pluralist obsession with the social functions of the State laid up staggering shocks for 1926 and 1931, and partly accounts for the considerable reaction towards Marxism in the Thirties. But the most striking fact is that Labour's philosophical assumptions have not changed since the period of British economic supremacy in which they were born. The result is a paralysing dilemma, expressed to-day in the attempt to reconcile the Welfare State with Britain's urgent need to recover its competitive position in world trade. A democratic State, such as Britain, Mr. Ulam correctly points out,

> . . . must either recover the pace of economic progress under world conditions which are clearly antithetic to the original liberal assumptions, or it must contain by its political system the social unrest which is let loose by the loss of economic dynamism.

Then comes a sentence which is much more pregnant than I think Mr. Ulam intended. "The same difficulty does not confront Socialism in the same degree."

It so happens that Mr. Ulam considers the injection of Socialism into the Labour Party as a dubious achievement. Like certain members of the Government, he regards the Welfare State as the supreme social edifice, and is bothered primarily by the problem of what comes after it is built. He sees that the main constructions after 1945 were really the work of Keynes and Beveridge, who both inherited much the same philosophic tradition which flowered into Labourism, and his chief concern is lest the emphasis upon social welfare should turn politics away from "moral" issues and into a kind of auction based upon living standards. His difficulty is that he also sees that the "Socialism" which he distrusts—and dismisses as a metaphysical goal—may contain "a variety of social and moral postulates which can become emotionally satisfying goals," even though the search for them may for a time involve a lowering of living conditions and perhaps a loss of liberty.

Here is the crux of the matter, and it is here, I think, that Mr. Ulam goes astray. He rejects as "absurd" the question put, among others, by Harold Laski: What happens if the Labour party should seek to build a Socialist State and a succeeding Tory Government should try to unmake its work? He rejects it because he believes that the philosophical assumptions of English Socialism are now in fact shared by the Tory Party; and he caps this conclusion by the extraordinary phrase, "any political measure which shows its *usefulness* . . . is not likely to be discarded by a *mere* shift in political power." (My italics).

Mr. Ulam fails to face the dilemma which actually confronts the Labour Party in 1951. Once the Beveridge State has been built, fundamental social unity—the *essential* philosophical foundation of Labourism, and one to which important religious factors which Mr. Ulam does not mention contributed much—depends upon at least maintaining, if not expanding, welfare. What happens when material conditions force either a Labour or a Tory Government to attack the standard of welfare? The answer is that the active section of the Labour Movement stresses the "metaphysical" goal of Socialism, and that, in the end, means accepting "class struggle" in place of "social unity." This is what is now happening. The significance of Mr. Bevan and his fellow rebels is that, despite various tactical disguises, they are expressing the "metaphysical" aspirations of a considerable part of the Labour Party.

Now Mr. Ulam is bound to miss this point because there is nothing in his book to show that he understands the role that this "metaphysic" has played in building the Labour Party; he does not see that the idea that "welfare" is not sufficient in itself and cannot be maintained in a class society has been behind every "opposition" tendency inside the Party. The real difficulty is that, while this "opposition" has its origins in concepts of a class society, and of fundamental social change, it has been for the most part emotional and millenialist, and has not yet produced a coherent Socialist answer to Labourism. It may never do so. But unless it does, Labourism and the Labour Party will lie in the same grave, and Mr. Ulam's book will be valuable evidence for the coroner.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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HART-DAVIS

PRINCE HAL

A King's Story. The Memoirs of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

One usually needs to be a connoisseur to enjoy Royal memoirs. Reflections of inconceivable banality succeed descriptions of court life so bizarre that the characters seem permanently to be playing charades. The Duke of Windsor's memoirs are an honourable exception, written with dignity and perspective: sensible, ironic and readable. Yet, in a sense, I regret the old carefree style. For the Duke has chosen to turn his phrases in the manner one associates with the *Reader's Digest*, a manner which permits one to be *risqué* without being witty, and to lift the veil while concealing everything of real value. An illusion of intimacy is created, but it is an illusion—that winning personality and spontaneity of emotion which endeared the Prince of Wales to so many is, alas, submerged. Moreover, the reconstructed conversations do not always add that air of verisimilitude which is intended; sometimes a transatlantic phrase falls uneasily on the ear. Can anyone believe that King George V, watching a parlour game being performed, exclaimed: "That is one of the darnedest tricks I have ever seen"?

As a boy the Duke was taught to curb his high spirits; not for him the joy of bicycling through the corridors of a royal palace as for Prince Christopher of Greece. There was a tutor who taught him practically nothing, the Gehenna of Osborne as a naval cadet, a desultory tour of France and Germany and, then, the war, when he saw his friends being killed while he was condemned to staff duties. He was already responsive to public opinion, and sensing the dislike of the *embusqué* did his best to share the horrors and discomforts of the army. After the war came the punishing journeys to the Empire and the Americas, during which he became increasingly dissatisfied with English life and manners, more and more convinced that his country was politically and industrially behind the times. The Duke does not pretend to have been a radical; bred in the tradition of power politics, he thought little of the League and believed that sanctions would throw Mussolini into Hitler's arms. As one reads his book, Cyril Connolly's brilliant essay on Anthony Knebworth comes to mind. Both young men were dashing and, though unintellectual, at once too intelligent not to perceive that the ruling class was socially and spiritually moribund, and too much a part of that class to escape their destiny. Where could they find an outlet for their discontent? The Duke recalls with amused detachment how his views were usually treated with civil contempt by the elder generation. And so, he became too conscious of himself as a personality who created his own ethos rather than conformed to a pattern, to be able to change his views when he changed his status. The King and the Prince were the same man; this Prince Hal would never reject Falstaff.

Two remarkable portraits emerge. King George V was born and remained a Victorian. Lacking his grandmother's power and his father's delight in high life and politics, he lived as head of the family, a squire who had once been a sailor. What the King desired was an existence of monotonous regularity in which the barometer was read and tapped each morning, and everyone about him coincided with his notions of a gentleman's behaviour. Shooting was his passion, but even that could be over-indulged: after a host had staged a super-battue of 4,000 pheasants, he remarked; "Perhaps we went a little too far to-day, David." The King knew exactly who he was and what he was. He was alarmed to hear that his son had undertaken to address the British Association. "The last member of the family, indeed the only one, who ever felt himself equal to the task," he said, "was your great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, and *he was an intellectual*. These people once asked me to address them. I refused." Anything modern—frivolous hats, painted finger-nails and the week-end habit—awoke his displeasure. "Well, we never did that in the olden days." His character was exceedingly powerful and to the end of his reign the Prince had to steel himself before entering his study. His father once greeted him by saying, "Is it raining in here?"—a way of indicating disapproval of the new fashion of turn-ups on trousers. Nevertheless, the Duke respected and admired his father, and sees him both in relation to his age and to those virtues of loyalty and family pride which were at the root of his character.

The other portrait is of Stanley Baldwin. The Duke first crossed swords with him in 1929 when Baldwin, after suggesting that a proposed visit to the Durham coalminers would be construed as criticism of Conservative efforts to reduce unemployment, backed down after learning that a Conservative, Sir Alexander Leith, was sponsoring the trip. "This episode," comments the Duke, "was my first object-lesson in the workings of an astute political mind." Somewhat naturally the Duke reflects upon Baldwin's cold and ruthless handling of the Abdication crisis. What irked the Duke most was Baldwin's ability to make political capital out of what the Duke considered his private affairs: when all had been settled, the P.M. appeared, suitcase in hand, to spend the night at Fort Belvedere, calculating that "his story would sound much better if he were able to tell the country that he had spent a last night with the King in a humble and sincere effort to talk him out of his project." Politicians are not beloved of Kings. George V commented on the failure of the politicians to rescue his cousin the Czar: "If it had been one of their kind, they would have acted fast enough."

In retrospect Baldwin was right in judging that public opinion was against the marriage; and whatever may be thought of his handling of the crisis, he was entitled to take advantage of those imperceptible shifts of usage which every student of constitutional history recognises. Twenty-five years' rule by a Family King enabled him to lop off yet another branch of the royal prerogative, the right to marry without consultation.

Nevertheless, the Conservative Party was not united on the issue. The bulk of that party pays homage to stuffy respectability and looks askance at any challenge to their ethos: tough business men and exuberant ex-presidents of the Oxford Union are soon taught to toe the line. But the Party also contains a vigorous minority of buccaneers, romantics, rakes and cynics, who look to Mr. Churchill for leadership, and of whom Lord Beaverbrook is the unpredictable High Priest. This minority challenged Baldwin, and the Duke recounts the different policies which they advised him to follow, culminating in their attempts to get Mrs. Simpson to renounce him. It says much for the Duke that he refused to follow their counsels. He realised that monarchy as an institution must rest on virtually universal support and that monarchy by majority vote (as in the case of King Leopold) must end in disaster. It will always be to his credit that, while believing the expression of public opinion to be a fabrication of the politicians, and denied the opportunity of putting his case, he refused to play politics.

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CASSELL

A NEW PROSE

The Senecan Amble. By GEORGE WILLIAMSON. *Faber.* 42*s.*

American scholars are notoriously unafraid of hard work. The type of research which specially appeals to them is easy to characterise. It is packed with huge quantities of indisputable fact and its possibilities for classification and cross reference seem, once you've got going, to be endless. The story of the different varieties of prose style which developed in English in the seventeenth century and which after much ex-

planation can be generally classed as Senecan (one of them surviving to-day in this journal and elsewhere) is just such a subject. Professor Williamson of the University of Chicago has made it entirely his own. He combines however with this American academic susceptibility a quite abnormally subtle, strict and impartial grasp of his material. The result is a very important and a very impressive book.

Humanly put, it examines the history of that mental revolution by which prose writers learnt to say what they meant. Now what does that statement mean? Well, as an example of what it doesn't mean, here is a novelist trying to make an arch girl appear coy:

> "As you may suspect me," she says "of idleness in giving ear to your talk, so may you convince me of lightness in answering such toys. Certes as you have made mine ears glow at the rehearsal of your love, so have you gutted my heart with the remembrance of your folly. Though you came to Naples as a stranger, yet were you welcome to my father's house as a friend."

A bit much, isn't it? The novelist is Lyly and the novel, among the most pointless in English, is *Euphues*. The thing to notice about the style is that it aims at an effect of sound rather than an effect of thought or feeling; it is primarily oratorical.

The humanists of the sixteenth century did include one or two humane men. Notably Erasmus. He was the first modern writer to kick against the tyranny of Cicero as a stylistic model in Europe. Later in the century this Anti-Ciceronianism was taken up by another Continental humanist, Muretus; and then by yet another, Lipsius, who cultivated a personal "hopping" style which had a great vogue. Soon with the vernacular prose of Montaigne and Bacon the movement became a universal awakening. In the little interchange on style between Polonius and the Queen, both of them, one now sees, were Anti-Ciceronian; since "brevity is the soul of wit" and "More matter, with less art" were, as it happens, the two most repeated battle-cries of the movement. And it was a movement to renovate the English language as daring as the individual one of Joyce in our own time.

But unlike Joyce's attempt it caught on. Prose began to live in the present moment, to become socially conscious, to catch the colloquial tone. New forms, the character and the essay, from which fundamentally we have not yet escaped except perhaps in Joyce, were developed to meet the new needs. And every contemporary stylistic trick you can think of emerged; even the dark, brilliant hint, another of Lipsius's inventions. The new models were Seneca and Tacitus; the new characteristics, pointedness, asymmetry, concentration, succinctness, aphorism, and of course, brevity. In English the Senecan style ramifies into various types which can be very roughly classified as the curt, the loose and the obscure, the easy "amble," as it was later called, being the mean.

Everything now would be made delightfully straightforward if one could say simply that Euphuism was an example of Ciceronianism in the English vernacular, and that the Senecan amble is the style that ultimately arose in opposition. Unfortunately, this would be a complete misunderstanding of Mr. Williamson's study. For Lyly, it is no exaggeration to announce, is his hero. "His achievement for English prose was perhaps greater, though less complete, than Dryden's." That is the delayed action bomb the Professor shatters us with in his final paragraph. Lyly was on the side of the advancement after all! Just how the surprise is sprung would, luckily, take too long to go into now, but one may mention, as an indication of the drift, that Mr. Williamson detects a significant development of Lyly's style in his plays, and that with good reason he suspects Bacon, the great arbitrator in the whole affair, of having condemned the new Senecan style, as he did at one stage, for certain distinctly Euphuistic traits that it was manifesting.

Thus, Bacon's position is crucially and curiously ambiguous. Though *buccinator novi temporis*, he was also, putting it rather crudely, against "wit," largely forestalling the stylistic reforms proposed later by the Royal Society. Critics, like Mr. Knights, who try to trace just when it was that all our sensibilities became so fatally dissociated, fix on Bacon. He insisted, it is true, on "things" rather than "words," a definite advance, but he also began to cut away the quality of intellectual adventure in prose, the re-creation of the thought movement which is what "wit" in the best of its many senses implies, as in the witty Senecan sermons of Andrewes. Wit, here, gives you not only "*les choses toutes nues, mais aussi les mouvements avec lesquels on les conçoit*," as Arnauld once said neatly.

The re-definition of wit at the end of the century by Dryden sets the dominant stylistic tone for the Augustan age and brings Mr. Williamson's study to a close. Now it is propriety and not expressiveness that becomes the criterion. Towards 1700 Dryden introduces the new model for good writing, "the conversation of gentlemen." Maugham is already in sight.

The Professor's close observation of the Senecan curt mode has not, I fear, been without its effect upon his own style. Some of his expositions would be all the clearer if he had permitted himself a little Ciceronian copiousness. He has not made things easy for the non-specialist who might well want to consult this book.

ANTHONY CURTIS

HAWK AND HAWK-MASTER

The Goshawk. By T. H. WHITE. *Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The sport of falconry, with its specialised skill and attendant crafts, goes back at least to the days of Babylon the Great. And it is neither yet dead, nor so nearly dying but that it might be revived if a new leisured class were to arise. Certainly leisure, in the sense of freedom from all other preoccupations including sleep, is required by one who would "man" a hawk in the medieval tradition. As Mr. White says, the old hawk-masters "had invented a means of taming hawks which offered no visible cruelty, and whose secret cruelty had to be borne by the trainer as well as by the bird. They kept the bird awake. Not by nudging it, nor by any mechanical means, but by walking about with their pupil on the fist and staying awake themselves"—staying awake for two, three, or as much as nine nights at a time.

This was the method that Mr. White himself adopted for his wild Goshawk, the method whose practical details and emotional consequences form the main thread of his book. He was not ultimately successful, because his first bird escaped before the training was complete, and though he later fully trained another hawk, he suggests that it was by a slightly less arduous way.

In any case, the process in its early stages is almost endlessly repetitive, so that a bare account of it would have been boring to the ordinary reader. Mr. White had, therefore, to be no less skilled in writing than in falconry. He had to introduce all sorts of other material without letting it appear too irrelevant, and on the whole he has succeeded. His sour digression on foxhunting in general and on female foxhunters in particular contains enough good sense to be infuriating. But in his moralising over a dead sheep eaten by maggots there is both sentimentality and bad entomology.

Yet the intense feelings engendered by his task are for the most part well and subtly conveyed.

> Nothing could express the weariness of treating with the largest of the short-winged hawks, nothing the dejections around every corner in this, the least facile of the sports. I had gone into it blindfold, I told myself, and now not hated but drooped my wings before it, as Gos had done when he was watched three nights. It was six weeks since I had averted my eyes from the hag-ridden pupils of this lunatic, half a week since he had come on a creance quite perfectly a hundred yards. I had lived with this hawk, its slave, butcher, nursemaid and flunkey. What clothes it wore were made by

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me, what house it had was swept out and kept sweet by me, what food it ate was killed and eviscerated and hacked into pieces and served by me. What excursions it made were taken on my fist.

And when, in the end, the goshawk broke its leash in a storm and incontinently regained and retained its freedom, "there were two days of dejection, of distracted and ineffectual plans, skirring the country round. In them there was little sleep and much walking, while Gos, an enormous and distant kite, sailed in a five-mile radius among a cloud of furious rooks." On almost his last page, Mr. White repudiates those words, calling them "a lie written in the effort to give the reader some sort of happy ending." He himself knew that his bird must have become entangled in a tree by its trailing leash, and so died. The confession throws a well-calculated and doubtless quite justified air of veracity over the book as a whole; over its objective factual elements, that is to say. The truth of its imaginative content, its poetic element, is more difficult to assess. Many people, with apparent ease, achieve a close emotional relationship with their dog. Mr. White attempted a comparable intimacy with a bird of the air. His strange passion was unreturned and ill-requited. But that he should have sought such a relationship, have so wooed a hawk, and, beyond that, that he should have managed somehow to tell the tale, puts him and his book in a category of their own.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

Rosie Hogarth. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

The Season of the Stranger. By STEPHEN BECKER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Men at Work. By WINSTON CLEWES. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

"How can I tell what I think till I see what I write?" The much-quoted *mot* (whose was it, by the way?) sums up, with admirable concision, the attitude of the born writer towards his work—and by "born writer" I mean the kind who writes because he must, as opposed to the mere Literary Gent. Born writers are, I suppose, almost as rare to-day as the Blue Sowthistle or the Leafless Epipogon; the self-made variety, on the other hand, seems—like the Oxford Ragwort—to thrive among ruins, and has been noticeably on the increase since the blitz. I don't mean, of course, that the self-made writer is necessarily a *bad* writer: he may be (and often is) far more competent than the congenitally foredoomed scribbler; yet nobody, I suppose, would deny that the "born" writer starts with advantages for the lack of which no amount of competence, Kulchur or what-have-you can ever quite compensate.

I don't think any of these three novelists is a born writer: I suspect, in fact, that they all, in varying degrees, knew what they thought before they saw what they had written; yet all of them are talented and their novels are composed with a high degree of competence. Mr. Baron, however, strikes me as being a borderline case: he is, I should guess, one of those people who are moved to write, in the first instance, by some deeply felt crisis in their lives. For Mr. Baron this climacteric was provided by World War II, and his first novel, *From the City, From the Plough*, was a sincere and, in the main, successful attempt to give a true picture of the *servitudes et grandeurs* of soldiering. Since then, Mr. Baron has written a second novel which, unfortunately, I have not read; and now comes a third, *Rosie Hogarth*—the story of a demobbed soldier settling down in Civvy Street. Once again, I think, Mr. Baron has been sufficiently moved by his theme to rise above his very considerable limitations; *Rosie Hogarth* seems to me a much more distinguished production than his first book. The hero, Jack Agass, is as near as dammit the Average Bloke: a tough, quite unremarkable Cockney, stupid, inarticulate, sexually inhibited; a "type" if you like, but more than a mere type, for he really does come to life. (Mr. Baron has resisted the temptation, thank goodness, to make him into a mere Dumb Ox in the Hemingway tradition.) Jack returns from a post-war job in Persia to find the girl he once loved turned prostitute—or so he thinks; bent on "settling down," he decides to marry a plain jane—frigid, rather bitchy, but respectable. The first half of the book I thought excellent: the hero's predicament is described with great understanding and a good deal of subtlety. Unfortunately, the novel falls to pieces with the appearance of Rosie Hogarth herself, the girl whom her former lover suspects (mistakenly, as it turns out) of being a whore. I couldn't believe in Rosie for a moment: Mr. Baron, I strongly suspect, just wasn't interested enough in her character to make her come alive; she is dragged in merely for the sake of the story, and it is noticeable that, whenever she appears on the scene, Mr. Baron's writing goes to pot. This is a pity, for, at his best, Mr. Baron can write very well—though his prose has, at times, a diffuse, sprawling quality which makes him heavy going:

> Lights burned unnoticed overhead but their beams reflected in mirrors, in massed bottles and on sweaty, glistening faces with a sickening brilliance that seemed to fuse all the heat and noise into a heavy blanket of unreality that sheltered him from the unkind world outside.

Style quite apart, Mr. Baron knows his cockneys, and I can't think of any recent novel which has tackled the urban proletariat with more success; Rosie herself is a dismal failure, but the other characters make up, to a great extent, for her defects; despite its numerous flaws, this is an impressive and moving novel.

The Season of the Stranger belongs to that fictional category which includes (among its more distinguished examples) *A Passage to India*, Mr. Plomer's *Sado* and Mr. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday*. Girard, an American teacher in a Chinese University during the Civil War, finds his career threatened simultaneously by the hostility of the local Nationalists and by the advancing Communist forces. He has an affair with a Chinese girl, one of his ex-students, but their position becomes untenable, undermined by the worsening climate of mistrust and brutality; the story has, inevitably, a tragic ending. Mr. Becker writes well enough in a subdued, anti-mandarin style; his descriptions are good, but far too numerous—he might well, one feels, have reserved most of them for some future travel book. There are an extraordinary number of references to eating and drinking (is food assuming the former role of sex in the literature of overcompensation?); the politico-religious background is neatly suggested:

> "... Confucius is of less help than ever now ... We are expected to take the vague advice of a man twenty odd centuries dead to guide us, while we go through our American, French, Russian, and industrial revolutions in a fifty-year period."

This is an able and interesting novel, but for me it didn't, somehow, quite add up: Girard remains a lay-figure, and I found his girl-friend hardly more convincing than himself.

Men at Work is an efficient, sparsely constructed story about a factory strike; the mean, corrupt and muddle-headed motives which underlie the strike are extremely well analysed, and the characterization is adequate, though Mr. Clewes does tend rather to create types rather than characters. The style is of that downright, no-nonsense kind popularised by Messrs. Shute and Balchin; I found the book, on the whole, very readable, and at times exciting; the dialogue, in particular, is admirably terse and pointed. Like Mr. Baron, however, Mr. Clewes is less successful with his female than with his male characters: Dorothy, the boss's daughter, is embarrassingly coy, and strikes a false note whenever she appears—she implies a Surreyish background of gnomes and bird-baths which I cannot think Mr. Clewes quite intended; and her love affair with the factory's Personnel Officer struck me as having been introduced (like Mr. Baron's Rosie) for the sake of the plot; Mr. Clewes's Men at Work are a good deal better, in fact, than his Women at Play. The story of the strike is excellently managed, down

to the smallest detail—an achievement of which any novelist might feel proud, for (despite all we were told in the Thirties) a man's relationship to his job is seldom the most interesting thing about him, and only a novelist of considerable gifts can make it seem anything but a bore. *Men at Work* is by far the most accomplished (and the most entertaining) of these three novels; yet, of the three, it is *Rosie Hogarth* which, for all its *longueurs* and its wodginess, I shall remember most vividly. The blitz flora, after all, can hardly compete with Ben Lawers or the Burren; but we should perhaps be grateful, nowadays, even for a nice bunch of ragwort. JOCELYN BROOKE

NO REGRETS

The Sky was Always Blue. By ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Leaves from a Doctor's Life. By SIR PHILIP PANTON. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Oxford Circuit. By SIR BERNARD BOSANQUET. *Thames Bank.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The British appetite for professional reminiscence continues insatiable. In half a century the emphasis has shifted—fewer trout-fishers, big game hunters, clergymen and diplomats' widows, and more "good all-round men" and career women, now write their life-stories. The heyday of *Embassies I have Known*, *Twenty Years An Assam Tea Planter* and *A Dry Fly in the Trossachs* is over. The modern autobiographer is a cannier animal than his predecessor, less pompous, less sincere, far more conscious both of his public and of his publisher. Beneath the camouflage of apparent frankness, his personality darts hither and thither, taking evasive action. He is at once a collector of press cuttings and a *laudator temporis acti*, arranging himself for the photographer while deprecating the flash-bulb. Out to conciliate at all costs, he is sensitive to the least charge of fogeydom. "My last card," remarks Sir William James, enumerating his claims on the reader's attention, "is my lifelong interest in the younger generation."

These three reports on experience have much in common. Each writer is a knight, each has achieved professional eminence, each was born well before Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Intelligent, gentlemanly, conscientious, extraverted, their education (Eton, Harrow, Glenalmond, Trinity and H.M.S. *Britannia*) and a lifetime's upper-middle class freemasonry have left their reflexes conditioned and predictable. An immense and enviable certainty about the meaning of life and its purpose—the birthright of all born before the Flood—lies at the core of their personalities. Such pre-diluvian assurance lends its possessors a dignity and *gravitas* strangely at variance with the world into which they have survived.

The reverse of the medal shows a Catonian tetchiness. "Old men visit beauty parlours," writes Sir Philip Panton, "young men unblushingly demand Marcel waves and wear feminine sandals or suede shoes and gay shirts like blouses and it all looks repulsive to me." "He was," declares Sir William James, of his grandfather, Sir John Millais, "the antithesis of the type of artist who wears absurd clothes, is not overfond of a bath, and cooks scratch meals on a gas fire between smoking cigarettes." Schooldays are the Best Days, Leadership Tells, Storms, in every walk of life, are to be Weathered—such are the fruits of experience. All three authors share a delight in the pleasures of rating—that intoxicating parlour-game of old age. ("Rowlatt and A. T. Lawrence were undoubtedly the most erudite, but Jelf too was a most satisfactory judge"... "Among all the leading doctors, with whose work I have been familiar, I would rank Sir Seymour Sharkey and Lord Dawson as the most able clinicians of my time and Clutton as the most practical surgeon.")

"It was a good life," writes Sir William James, "for those who 'filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run.'" Sir William tells his naval success-story ship-shape and Bristol fashion. We follow him through its various stages, the chapter headings marking his career off like milestones ("Gunnery Lieutenant," "Secret Intelligence 1917-1919," "Far Eastern Waters," "Royal Naval Staff College," Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth"), and taking in most naval stations to the Southern Cross. The narrative is varied by "the intrusion at every turn of memories of the lighter side of life, of days with good companions on moor, loch and links. . . ." If the Admiral is at times a little too breezily self-complacent, his naivety has a quarter-deck charm of its own. Discussing the decline of Spanish imperialism, he mentions his visit to the Governor's House at Manila and declares: "The earlier portraits were of fine-looking men in armour with strong determined faces; the last portraits were of soft-looking men in velvet."

Sir Philip's book, by contrast, lacks punch. Its author tells one or two good stories and writes eloquently of the voluntary hospital tradition. He is at his best describing changes that have occurred in medicine in the last half-century. His tales of surgery fifty years ago have a hair-raising R. L. Stevenson quality typified by the account of a senior physician at Cambridge who, when times were slack, "used to borrow a pair of curved scissors from the theatre and make a round of his paying patients to snip off the ends of their uvulas, for no other recognisable reason than the fee attached to this mutilation."

The Oxford Circuit, though a slighter volume than the other two—it is a third the size of Sir William's book—gives out far the best period aroma. Mellow without self-consciousness and ripe with professional maxims ("truth will out even in the affidavit"), it should be read in an after-dinner armchair, between sips of Fonsecka '27. The book is little more than a garland of legal reminiscence—of judges and juniors, recorders and county sessions. Its author has at least one admirable brevity to offer on every page. The Master of the Rolls who kissed a supposed nun, the curious lady—a real-life evocation of Miss Flite in *Bleak House*—who haunted Mr. Justice Chitty for years in the Chancery Division, the Gloucestershire barrister who invariably worked up sympathy for his clients by opening his speech to the jury with the remark that he was "quite bloind"—such touches show Sir Bernard's spiritual kinship to John Aubrey. He has written a delightful book which should appeal to a wide circle of readers outside his own profession.

JOHN RAYMOND

ONE-EYED, COLOUR-BLIND?

Man or Matter. By ERNST LEHRS. *Faber.* 30*s.*

This book reflects the dissatisfaction of many intelligent people with the scientific picture of the world and of man. Dr. Lehrs's picture of man is "a sensible-supersensible organism composed of three dynamic aggregates—physical, etheric, astral" plus a fourth principle—"the possession of an I (Ego)." Thus like Goethe, to whom he owes much, Dr. Lehrs begins with certain verbal suppositions, and seeks means of supporting them from the real world. This procedure, which scientists often manage to avoid, is well exemplified in the emphasis on the "ego." Primitive men put gremlins of some sort in every object they know, animate or not; it is only a few centuries since educated Europeans believed the stars to be dragged around the heavens by angels. To-day, as the last set of Reith lectures showed, scientists (and the philosophers who follow them) are attacking the last gremlin stronghold, the Mind, or Ego.

Dr. Lehrs's view of scientific observation, as "restricted to a one-eyed colour-blind approach" is based on the assertion that "scientific inquiry . . . admits as instruments of knowledge exclusively those activities of the human soul over which we have full control because they take place in the full light of consciousness." This is as near as he gets to a valid description of what scientists do. In practice, the success of a scientific proposition depends on whether it leads

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to successful prediction, not only by its originator but by others. Science, in fact, is the knowledge which enables communities of people to act so as to get what they want.

But man cannot live by scientific propositions alone, and it is this fact that gives Dr. Lehrs his importance. The assertions of music or poetry are not scientific, but they are important to man both as an individual and as a social being. They are, however, not in conflict with science but complementary to it; often, they derive inspiration from it. Like the arts, scientific method and the scientific attitude change and develop with society. At any period the scientific outlook has its limitations, and critical inspection can often help to show the way forward. But Dr. Lehrs's criticisms are unhelpful because they are directed backwards, towards a return to primitive thinking. He wants, for instance, "A modern optics based on intuitive participation in the phenomena," instead of one, based on Newton, which enables us to construct spectacles and microscopes.

Dr. Lehrs is wrong on many matters of fact. He chooses to say that we know nothing of the complex changes which go on in muscles, when in fact our knowledge of muscle biochemistry is particularly complete. He attacks a "scientific conception of human nature" in which "man appears . . . as a sum of inherited characteristics"; but this conception exists only in Dr. Lehrs's imagination, since it is well recognised that every characteristic is a product of both nature and nurture. He misrepresents the nature of scientific laws, when he says that, in the study of ultimate particles such as electrons, of which it is not possible to know accurately both the position and the velocity, the law sought "requires that both should be known at the same time." This is so far from the truth that much effort has recently been put into the task of expounding that some uncertainty is a general feature of all prediction—of all scientific laws.

One reason, indeed, for the *feeling* that science is inadequate is that what is seen of science is so often a caricature—a caricature in which both its nature and its aims are misrepresented. Fortunately scientists are coming more and more to consider the general nature of their work—to ask: what are we up to? And some of them are trying to convey the results of this introspection to laymen. The fact that there is a market for books like *Man or Matter*, with its systematic evasion of the problems of the real world, is an indication of the need for their efforts and the difficulties they are likely to encounter.

ANTHONY BARNETT

The Story of Prehistoric Civilisations. By DOROTHY DAVISON. *Watts.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In this book readers already interested in the subject without being experts, are provided with an account of that most important turning point in human history between the development of agriculture and stock-breeding and the full adoption of metals. Miss Davison follows the slow spread of farming and its associated crafts from Persia to Britain and Scandinavia. India is left out. By the time she has reached these long-benighted lands of the Atlantic and North Sea she is dealing with primitive communities who cannot be said to have possessed a civilisation in the narrow sense of the word. The author has relied largely on standard works, but has also gone to many primary sources and has made an excellent job of simplification. Considering the vast range covered, there are remarkably few slips; the story is pleasantly written, while the specially prepared drawings and maps, though very small and cramped, provide useful visual summaries. A short survey of this kind with its many disjointed sections in which culture after culture is defined in terms of its local material equipment, makes one see even more clearly than do massive works of scholarship our present need for a powerful synthesising mind. We are waiting for someone great enough to gather up all these fragments of archæology and use them for the creation of history. If this work of imaginative creation is ever done, the task of popular exposition will be immensely easier. Meanwhile Miss Davison is to be congratulated on the well-directed enthusiasm with which she has handled the existing intractable material.

Fire-Bird: A Study of D. H. Lawrence. By DALLAS KENMARE. *Barrie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Kenmare's monograph is concerned with D. H. Lawrence as a poet and as a visionary; or, to put it more accurately, with D. H. Lawrence as a visionary who expressed himself in verse. While she claims in passing that Lawrence was "a master of free verse," she does not elaborate this claim or support it by argument. It is best to state at once that her otherwise brilliant and stimulating essay avoids the crucial question: did Lawrence succeed as an artist, or was he a genius who never discovered his true medium, but wrote novels that are too poetic and poems that are too prosaic? Miss Kenmare is not primarily interested in Lawrence as a craftsman, but in Lawrence as a critic of life. Here, unquestionably, she is on firm ground; even those who are antipathetic to Lawrence's vision and disapprove of its influence on the public must respect him as a formidable enemy. Miss Kenmare does not disapprove; she is sympathetic to the point of being a partisan and jealously defends her subject against censure of any kind. She insists that "the poet—the true poet, not the versifier—is a human product different in *kind*, not degree only, from the average." This interesting, though unfashionable, conception of the poet is essential to Miss Kenmare's thesis: she supports it with quotations from philosophers and psychologists. The danger of her approach is in the vagueness of the word "genius" and in the precarious distinction between the "true poet" and the "versifier." If Lawrence was a genius—she seems to argue—and if genius is beyond criticism, the reader can only share her enthusiastic admiration for Lawrence as a man and as a poet; nor has she considered the possibility that a poet may be a genius, but a bad versifier. If so, he cannot be described as a "true poet." Whether or not one agrees with Miss Kenmare's arguments, *Fire-Bird* is well worth reading apart from the light it sheds on Lawrence's ideas and on the less familiar aspects of his verse it is full of striking comments on modern life and art. It is rare to find a literary study written with such zest and conviction.

Royal Mail. By F. GEORGE KAY. *Rockliff.* 21*s.*

In a world engaged in Cold War, it is worthy of note that postal organisation is one of the few remaining examples of complete international co-operation. Indeed, the right to send letters freely, cheaply and securely has become recognised as one of the tests of civilisation. The story how that right was won in Britain goes back to the Wars of the Roses, when the Yorkist Kings developed, for their own purposes, relays of mounted couriers who rode "Post haste!" on royal business. This early version of a Royal Mail had competitors in the carriers and the widespread monastic posts; and the Tudor policy of trying to make the posts a monopoly had its origin in the Crown's objection to private transport of correspondence which might be treasonable. The period of "farmed-out" monopoly lasted—with competition in foreign mails from the Merchant Strangers' and Merchant Adventurers' posts — until the Act of 1711, which established the Post Office, broadly speaking, as a trading agency of the Exchequer. From then onwards, postal history has been one of quickening communications—the first mail coach in 1784; the first despatch by rail in 1830—the standardising and reduction of rates which culminated in the universal penny postage of 1840, and the gradual development of facilities such as postal orders and savings accounts. To-day, with inland telegraph services in P.O. hands since 1870 and the telephone system developed as an integral part of State-run communications, the idea that private enterprise should have any hand in the traffic would be laughed out of court: here, at least, nationalisation has done a fine job. Compressing five centuries of postal history into a pleasantly illustrated and compact volume, Mr. Kay has provided the general reader with a brightly written yet scholarly sketch of the growth of a great national service.

Crisis in English Poetry: 1880 to 1940. By VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Pinto is anxious that his book should not be taken as a chapter of literary history. It is solely a study, he insists, of the poetic crisis and its relation to the general crisis of our time. Unfortunately the literary-historical manner comes rather too easily to him. He sticks to a chronological sequence, grouping and labelling and dating as he goes, and what it really amounts to is a selective introductory survey—providing a good deal of basic instruction for students of Hutchinson's University Library—with some sort of a pattern imposed by the central theme. He has not served up just another rechauffé of received opinion; he can steer an independent course, particularly among the lesser-known figures. But as a literary guide he is neither very sensitive nor very judicious. He has an oddly heavy-handed touch, as when he describes *No Second Troy* as "a successful attempt to show what it is like to love a particular woman who is also a political agitator." His search for "significant contributions to the poetry of the modern crisis" becomes tiresome, and gives a surprising impression of naive simplification. He is excessively crisis-conscious. It is alarming to find a professor of English apparently so intoxicated with the *zeitgeist* that he believes the central tradition of English poetry —"that began with Sidney and Spenser and ended with Tennyson and Bridges"—to be *dead*, no longer capable of "enriching the inner life" of twentieth-century poets.

Stefan Zweig. A Tribute to his Life and Work. Edited by HANNS ARENS. *W. H. Allen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a work of piety, a symposium of reminiscences of Stefan Zweig by his friends. The contributions of some of the distinguished men listed in the contents are slight indeed, and the main contribution, by the editor, on Zweig's life and work, suffers from the monotony of encomium. An enthusiastic admirer of others' work, Zweig introduced Verhaeren and Rimbaud to German readers; a pacifist, he was the friend and disciple of Romain Rolland, the friend of Gorki and the friend of Freud. Always wealthy,

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his writings brought him greater wealth, and he saw himself as a European rather than as an Austrian or a Jew. He removed himself from Austria before Hitler seized that country and was, when he committed suicide with his wife in Brazil, in 1942, a British citizen. Why did he, the most fortunate of refugees, commit suicide? Symbolically, no doubt, it represented the final disillusionment concerning the liberalism and internationalism of which all his life he had been the representative. It is on this aspect of Zweig that the most interesting contributions to the volume, those of Franz Werfel, Berthold Viertel, Richard Friedenthal and Otto Zarek, are written. Through them all shines the impression of a man of real nobility of character who spent his life honouring the greatness of others in the most disinterested way.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,127

Set by Arachne McLeod

Jobs are apt to be shuffled about in holiday periods. Readers are asked to imagine an issue of the NEW STATESMAN in which V. S. Pritchett has written on the Dollar Gap, Desmond Shawe-Taylor on the Labour Party Conference, Autolycus has done the dramatic criticism, Sagittarius the Books in General, Critic the Gramophone Notes, and R. H. S. Crossman the Chess—all writers firmly sticking to their usual style and approach. Prizes are offered for the openings of any of the above features: limit 200 words. Entries by October 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,124

Set by J. B. Roderic

Returning holidaymakers from the Continen are invited to compose an eight-line poem in praise of British Food.

Report by J. B. Roderic

This competition was expected to draw heavily on irony. Nor, indeed, was there any lack of it, from Anne Surfeet's

> Why hanker after Fraises du Bois Chantilly
> When there is corn-flour custard willy-nilly—

to Philip Took's—

> Bottles of Salad Cream, in martial ranks
> Salute Brown Windsor Soup, in tepid tanks

and Patric's praise of British salad ("It will put some grit in you"). A. D. R. convincingly demonstrated the *moral* superiority of "meat like wood and pickles crude," while Chauve-Souris surveyed the lamentable effects of France on her waist-line and was able to exclaim

> *Salut, mon once de viande, oeufs qui n'existent plus,*
> *Salut, miette de fromage, et doigt de thé, salut!*

Trude Burton loyally met the charge that foreign food is easier to digest with the boast that "British Stomach pills are best!"

But such barbs were outnumbered in a large entry, by verses which meant every word they said. Chief objects of greed and praise: Tea, the English breakfast (the pre-war breakfast, for most), apple-tart, kippers, and of course Fish and Chips. Regional dishes were rather sparingly mentioned, though a strong Scots entry celebrated haggis, brose, cocksleekie and Finnan haddie. Two guineas to R. S. Stanier, though his second verse hardly sustains the brilliance of the first; a guinea to H. H., D. H. and M. H. Dodds; half a guinea to D. D. W. and Eric Swainson. Honourable mention: D. R. Peddy ("The return to our canteen does not depress me"), James Y. Finlayson, A. J. B.

> The silhouette of Europe drops behind;
> Farewell the glories of the Gallic grape!
> The tang of shepherd's pie is in the wind,
> And England looms up like a vast milk-shape.
>
> Lo, o'er the land the boiled potato smiles;
> Empty the jolly tea-pot to the dregs!
> What need have we of Continental wiles?
> All-hail *le porridge* and *les scrambled eggs*!
>
> R. S. STANIER

> Where in the world grows finer beef?
> Where has the spinach greener leaf?
> Where else do lambs grow fatter
> and vegetables better?
> Could anyone express a wish
> for any but a British fish?
> There was nothing better wherever I looked
> than British food—before it was cooked.
>
> H. H.

> Thank God for scent of bacon drifting up,
> Bland, satisfying Quaker-oats,
> The silver toast-rack full of toast,
> Strong, fragrant tea in a thin blue cup—
> I'm sick to death of soup continually,
> Salade with every meal,
> And escalop of veal,—
> Thank God for gravy, and a lamp-lit tea!
>
> D. H.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

> Once more—the well-baked loaf where crust and
> crumb are mated,
> Not dough inside, and outside armour-plated;—
> The joint, though small, done to a turn and tender,
> Not tough and bloody as a young offender.
> No more—tea leaves in flannel bags appear
> To brew the chilly cup that does not cheer:
> The kettle boils; the pot is warm; I see
> The exile's dream of home,—a decent cup of tea.
>
> M. H. DODDS

> The tepid soup slops in the wavering plate:
> I break bread while the Kentish fields go by,
> and ponder the inevitable fate
> of flannel fish, served with warm paste, or dry
> unlovely slices of an ancient sheep;
> cabbage that peers forlornly through the rain,
> hard cheese, damp apple tart. So with a deep
> possessive joy I know I'm home again.
>
> D. D. W.

> I come to praise the savoury bouquet
> Of fresh roast beef; the velvet, warming tang
> Which cool, strong ale imparts; I come to pay
> The homage of a gastronome to tea,
> With buttered crumpets; and I come to sing
> Of crisp, ambrosial shortbread from the Highlands,
> And Cox 'is Pippins pluck'd from Kentish tree;
> But *how* I laud the breakfasts of these Islands!
>
> ERIC SWAINSON

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CHESS: Whisper or Shout

No. 104

Just as a stage-whisper may be more effective than a shout, and a *pianissimo* more impressive than a brass-band in full blast, just so the "quiet" moves in Chess are often found to be most forceful. Take this position which would obviously call for drastic measures on either side. The Black pieces were handled by a man fittingly called Popp, and his opening shot (1) . . . Q-R4 seems as obvious as the continuation (2) B-B1, Q-B6, (3) K-Q2. After all, White, too, has some poisoned arrows, such as Q x P or R x P in his quiver; so Black, rather than enrich himself materially piled on the positional pressure by quietly playing (3) . . . B-Kt4. White could think of nothing better than (4) B x B, only to be confronted by the delightfully *pianissimo* move (4) . . . R-QB1, quietly cutting off the K's escape on the Q-wing. Nor would (5) KR-K1 now be good enough, on account of Q-B7 ch, followed by B x P ch, etc. So White retreated the B to K2 and after (5) . . . Q x P ch played (6) K-K1, hoping for sanctuary on the other wing, but frustrated once again by (6) . . . R-KB1—yet another *pianissimo* move, but one to sound the opponent's death-knell so *fortissimo* that he promptly resigned.

Here is another pretty example of a very quiet and unspectacular move instantly deciding the issue—a game won by H. Reinhardt in 1934.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(8) Q-R4 ch	Kt-B3
(2) P-QB4	P-K4	(9) Kt-KB3	0-0-0
(3) P x P	Kt-K5	(10) P-QR3	BxKt ch
(4) Kt-Q2	B-Kt5	(11) BxB	KtxB
(5) Q-B2	P-Q4	(12) KtxKt	RxKt!
(6) PxP e.p.	B-KB4!	(13) KxR	Q-K4!!
(7) PxP	QxP	resigns	

This "quiet" move is far more forceful than, say, the R-check. Obviously (14) Q-Kt5 is countered by the R-check, followed by Kt-Q4.

A: A. Kraemer 1951

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is a very witty piece, though not particularly difficult and probably amply rewarded with 6 ladder points. As for **B**—White to win—this seems quite difficult enough to be rather under-rated with 8 points. Competitors should beware of some more or less plausible temptations, the rather subtle point being far from obvious. **C** is a win, too; but White must be careful to avoid stalemate. An ingenious little piece, well worth 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by October 8.

B: F. Bethge 1949

C: G. Bernhardt 1950

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 8

A: (1) K-B5, K-K6. (2) K-K5, P-B3. (3) P-R4, K-Q6. (4) P-R5, P-B4. (5) P-R6, P-B5. (6) P-R7, P-B6. (7) P queens, P-B7. (8) Q-Q5 ch, K-K7. (9) Q-R2, K-Q8. (10) K-Q4, P queens. (11) K-Q3,
if (8) . . . K-K6. (9) Q-KKt2, followed by Q-Kt5
but (8) Q-R3 or Q-K4 only draws.
B: (1) P x KtP, K-R2. (2) K-R6, K-Kt1. (3) P-B5, P-R4. (4) P-R4, P-R5. (5) P-R5, P-R6. (6) P-B6, P x P stalemate.

I wasn't surprised that the majority were either completely stumped by **A** or dropped a few points by failing to see all the (post-queening) subtleties of that intricate study. But I was surprised to get nearly a score of perfectly flawless solutions. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, K. Beaumont, Neil McKelvie, C. Whatmough.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete if the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £750-£950, (women) £625-£850; Scientific Officers, (men) £400-£650, (women) £400-£525. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1., quoting No. 3399.

ASLIB (Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux) proposes to inaugurate a Consultant Service to advise commercial and industrial concerns, learned societies, etc., on the establishment and efficient conduct of technical information services and specialised libraries. Applications are invited for the full-time salaried appointment of Consultant to take charge of and develop this service. Sound experience of information work (not public relations), preferably in industry or an industrial research association, is essential. Commencing salary £800-£1,000 p.a. plus expenses. Applications, with names of three referees, to be sent to the Director, Aslib, 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8, within 21 days.

LIBRARIANS in Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Vacancies in the following Departments are at present announced: Colonial Office, Government Communications Headquarters, Board of Trade, on the London scale £715-£865 (men) or £600-£735 (women); Air Ministry, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Board of Trade, War Department, on a starting salary (for London) varying from £350 (men) or £345 (women) at age 22 to £425 (men) or £405 (women) at age 25 or over on entry, rising to £700 (men) or £580 (women). For appointments outside London salaries are slightly lower. All candidates must hold at least the qualification of Associateship of the Library Association or the Diploma of the School of Librarianship of London University, and should normally have experience of appropriate library work. Candidates for the higher grade must be at least 30 years of age on August 1, 1951. Candidates for the lower grade must be at least 22 and under 30 years on August 1, 1951, with extension for service on a regular engagement in H.M. services. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4071/51. Completed applic. forms must reach him by October 25, 1951.

BBC requires two Education Officers (a) in the Midland Division based in Birmingham and (b) based in London. Academic qualifications and wide educational experience are desirable, including experience of teaching in school and a thorough knowledge of the educational system. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and educational bodies. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. The prescribed application form and further details (including information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C.) can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope and mark correspondence "Education, Birmingham, N. Stm." or "Education, London, N. Stm." respectively. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident House Mistress required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester. Capable of supervising household duties and interested in leisure time activities. Salary on the scale £240 × £12 – £290 p.a. according to qualifications and experience, plus £52 p.a. for extraneous duties. £78 p.a. will be deducted from salary for board and lodging. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

MOTION Study. Man or woman with University degree or the equivalent, and some industrial experience, wanted to organise motion study. Specialised training in motion study will be given. The post is an interesting one, and offers excellent opportunities for training and development of a new section. Applicants should have initiative and drive and be under 30 years of age. Replies to Morlands, Glastonbury, Somerset.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men for the position of Administrative Officer to the Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges, Hamilton House, Bidborough St., London, W.C.1. Candidates should have some experience of administrative and general office work. A knowledge of the British Educational System and Modern Languages would be an advantage. Duties will include administration, preparation of reports and assistance in the promotion of International Educational Exchanges. Applications, giving full details of career and accompanied by copies of not more than two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Director before October 8, 1951. Present salary scale £600, with annual increments of £25 to £700. Commencing salary based on previous experience.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applications from persons possessing Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or the Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of Sociology and who have practical experience in social work, for appointment in Public Health Department as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser, for duty at Chest Clinic, Royal Northern Hospital, Upper Holloway Rd., N.7. Scale of salary £400 × £25—£500 a year, plus 10% addition. Person appointed will be required to carry out social and secretarial work arising from activities of Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, 53 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1, to whom forms should be returned not later than October 6, 1951. (1110)

WHY not be a nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£225 a year, plus dependent's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is only 16 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies?

FAMILY Welfare Association have vacancies for experienced case-workers who must possess a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University. Commencing salary £450 to £550 p.a. according to experience. There are also vacancies for assistant case-workers with the above qualifications at a commencing salary of £300 p.a. Forms of application to be obtained from: Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Education Department. Some Colling-ham Hall, Newark.—House Parents (Married Couple) deputies to Superintendent and Matron, required for this modern Children's Home for 30 boys and girls aged 3-16. Sympathetic understanding of children is essential. Salaries: £6 12s. p.w. (House Father) and £5 7s. p.w. (House Mother) less 23s. each p.w. for board residence. The posts are superannuable with liberal holidays. There is no accommodation for children of Officers. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. Canvassing will disqualify K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Appointment of Assistant House Mother. Applications invited for appointment of Assistant House Mother in Charing Children's Home, Charing, Ashford, Kent, which has accommodation for 14 girls between 7 and 15 years, and at Grosvenor House Children's Home, Herne Bay, which has accommodation for 22 children between the ages of 5 and 15 years. Wages £5 1s. and £5 2s. a week respectively from which a deduction of £1 3s. a week will be made in respect of board, lodging, etc. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope and should be returned by October 8, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Children's Dept. House Housemother (married couple) reqd. in Home in South Middx. for approx. 12 school age children. Good experience in resid. work for children with genuine interest in their needs and development essential, preferably with completed training under the Central Training Council in Child Care. Wages: Housefather 141s. p. wk.; Housemother 115s. p. wk., less 23s. in each case for board & residence. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Applic. forms (stmpd. addr. env.) from Children's Officer (S.HW), 10, Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned within 14 days (quoting J.847, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

GIRLS' Remand Home. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Home for twenty girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 × £12—£280 p.a., less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and applic. forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

TELEVISION Service Engineer wanted. 5-day week. Good position offered to capable experienced man. Box 6188.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. Children's Dept. Deputy Matron (resident) for Children's Home, Chequers Mead, Potters Bar, for up to 25 school age children. Applicants should have exper. of residential work with children and an understanding of their needs and development. Established, subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Wage £5 15s. per week, less 23s. for board and residence. Applicatiosf forms (s.a. fscp. e.) from the Children's Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable within 14 days (quoting J.869, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

FREE-lance reqd. regularly to provide authoritative topical articles and notes on aspects of dairying from the producer-retailer angle. Farming topics not reqd. Box 6140.

W.E.A. London District, require an Organiser for W.E.A. work in its area North of the Thames. Applicants should have experience and knowledge of adult education, particularly among working-class bodies. Salary £450 × £25—£550. Last date for applications October 31. Statement of conditions and application form from W. Lowth, Secretary, W.E.A., London District, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

ASSOCIATION for Jewish Youth. General Secretary required to direct administration. Position involves liaison work with National and International Youth Organisations; experience and knowledge of the Club Movement desirable. Initial salary dependent upon qualifications. Reply by Oct. 15 to President of A.J.Y., Col. Robert Henriques, c/o Messrs. Lindo & Co., 34 Coleman Street, E.C.2.

YOUTH Leader (part-time) wanted for special senior Mixed Club work in Catford. Duties include area field work with Youth Clubs in adjacent districts. Approximately nine evenings monthly for 45-week year. Rate based on L.E.A. Scale. Full particulars, with special application form, on which application should be made by October 17, 1951, are obtainable from Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Road, Penge, S.E.20.

TRANSLATOR (female), with native French, good English and preferably at least one other language. Good typing speed. Age roughly 25-35. Flair for translating essential. 5-day week; superannuation scheme; canteen, social and sports facilities. Write giving full details to Box 6164.

EDITOR seeks secretary shorthand-typist (female, 21 to 35) who, in addition to secretarial duties, is capable of giving some assistance in the production of a monthly journal. Hence some experience in abstracting, proof reading, subbing, etc., is necessary. Other qualifications are: Rapid, accurate shorthand-typing, sound English and spelling, alert mind, personal drive; residence within easy travelling distance of Croydon. Letters in own handwriting must state age, full details of education, experience, and salary required. Box 6139.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Saturdays. Burton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WEST End Art Gallery requires a young educated typist-receptionist. Starting salary £3 10s. Box 6284.

WANTED soon, Shorthand-typist, diplomatic establishment; attractive, permanent post. Box 6209.

EFFICIENT and experienced secretary required for fine art publishers. Apply Box 6154, or 'phone GER. 4083 for appointment.

TWO Theatre Artists req. expd. working housekeeper for London maisonette. Must be willing to prepare hot after-theatre suppers. Help given 3 mornts. wkly. Excel. accom. Would consider couple (one with work elsewhere). 'Phone PARk 8141.

RELIABLE home help wanted, to live with family. Four young children. Barnet. Box 6092.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, 28, experienced secretary, University Diploma, combined interests literature, children's welfare, seeks responsible, absorbing worthwhile appointment. Research or liaison aspects of Children's Welfare ideal. Box 5931.

FOREIGN correspondent (Press), retired, seeks part-time work. Experienced lecturer, author, literary translator in languages. Would consider full-time if really interesting. Box 5914.

YOUNG man 21 seeks position where able live in. Congenial humanitarian atmosphere. Literary/domestic/secretarial (own typewriter), or anything considered. Box 6073.

EDUCATED young lady seeks interesting work, London. 5-day week. Box 6081.

INTERESTING pt.-time wk., London, reqd. by woman (32), P.P.E. grad. Exp. W.E.A., social, secretarial work. Box 6153.

HONS. Chem. graduate working Ph.D. seeks part-time (evening) job London. Tuition undertaken. Box 6133.

ARTIST'S wife, 30, left penniless with two small boys (2 & 3), would welcome suggestions of employment. Excellent cook and can drive. Box 6057.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

CAPABLE woman, 43, seeks position with publishing house, newspaper, bookshop or art Gallery. Bookshop experience but no degree or special qualifications. Fluent French & German. Box 6182.

FARMING Woman (23) seeks post on small farm in S.W.; Shepherd and general work. Some experience. Box 6091.

YNG. lady sks. intg. wk. Capable. Kndge. Music, Hebrew. 5-day wk. Box 6082.

ARAB Gentleman, 37, educated at the American University, Beirut, and College of Law, Baghdad, long diplomatic service, including two years in London, experience in Law practice, willing to work abroad, can offer advice in Islamic Law, or accept job in such line. Also can undertake translatory or academic work in Islamic Law, Arab History, Arab Language and Literature. Address c/o P.O.B. 100, Basrah, Iraq.

WOMAN artist—beam ends—desires work, afternoons / evenings, clerical / anything considered. No typg. Lond. area. Box 6104

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TYPING and Duplicating by Experts MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

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FOR Sale: Grand Piano by Kaps, Boudoir Rosewood, good condition, offers please; McMichael 3-speed Auto-Gramm 505, new, unused, offers; German Linguaphone, complete (little used); Kitchen Cabinet, well-fitted, 63 × 24 × 74.

WANTED: G.B.S. Complete Plays and Prefaces; Mee's "I See All," 5 vols.; "Horizon," sets or odds; Good Typewriter; Drop-action Typists' Desk; Half Skeleton Skull, perfect condition, cheap.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after; including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

WANTED, loan of car, with or without driver, for election from October 6. Fenner Brockway, Labour Hall, Slough.

LABOUR Candidate urgently requires loan of two cars during election campaign. Scattered Midland and marginal constituency close to Birmingham. Box 6205

INDEXER reqd. for semi-technical, easily comprehensible job. Work sent. Bragg, 105 Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

FRANCO-British family offers room, board, pocket money to young woman, good family, willing to give part-time help. Two young children. Reply (full details) Levequet, 2 Rue Charles Tellier, Menton, S. France.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb, good perm. home for elderly person, 2 rms. & bath., in well-kept hse. Full board. 7gns. Boarder could bring some own furniture. Box 6157.

YOUNG woman offers housework or other assistance in quiet adult household in return for room, board, small salary and some leisure to read Greek. Box 6076.

ARTIST (woman) wishes lessons from first-class Potter. If convenient would help house (good cook) or generally, in return lessons and/or accom. Box 6025.

WILL anyone offer Artist attic or studio accom. (cooking and sleeping facils.) where he can pursue his painting and restoration till he takes over unfurnished flat in about one year's time; no wild parties, but no restrictions. Chelsea preferred. Box 5989.

STUDENT (External) requires tutor for inter. Latin and French, who will attach more importance to knowledge and intelligence of pupil than to high fees. N.E. London. Box 6151.

CORDON bleu will part-time cook-sit sin. return comf. room, or take temporary post London. Highest references. Box 6094.

ACCOMMODATION urgently reqd. for International Congress in 1952 (Aug. 1-14 or 5-17) by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (founded 1915, Consultative Status B with United Nations). Living accom. for 90-130, large meeting hall and rooms for committee work are needed. Suggestions gratefully received by General Secy., British Section, W.I.L.P.F., British Section, 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

"WHY not have that room done up now?" Redecorations from £5. London area. Box 5337.

NEW trade weekly requires additional capital for expansion purposes, excellent prospects; directorship offered, principals only, apply in confidence. Box 5528.

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SOMETHING new in winter sports. We are the only organisation offering really inclusive arrangements—and at charges which are lower than those of last season. Programme from Ramblers' Assn., 48(a) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

PARIS for a Christmas holiday with an International flavour. 5 days, including conducted tours Paris, Versailles; Opera, visits and parties, return fare from London all-in £15. I.U.S.Y., Travel Service, 21 Stratton Ground, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 6094.

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PERSONAL—continued

PARIS, for habitué or newcomer, can be expensive. The W.T.A., with 30 years' acquaintance with this great city, with our own Paris bureau staffed by helpful and knowledgeable people (whose incomes do not depend upon commission) is in a favourable position to help and advise the pleasure-seeker, the art-lover, the person of very limited resources and the well-to-do alike. Write or telephone: Paris Independent Travel, W.T.A., Ltd., 49 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6688.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Butten's friendly hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Club licence. Sharpthorne 27.

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FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excell. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

BURCOT, Oxon. Cleft House Hotel. Two double rooms vacant autumn and winter or permanent. Central heating. Spring interior beds. 8 acres south. Grounds 4½ acres.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

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JUAN-Les-Pins. World - famous "Hotel Juana," facing sea, amidst pines, palms and flowers. Summer, with all the pleasures of sea and sun-bathing extends until November. Private beach. Open-air restaurant on floral terrace. Free garage in Hotel. Special rates from Sept. 15. Write: Managing Proprietors.

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THE Wharf Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex (East-bourne Line). Country fare in Country Fair. A small hotel in spacious grounds for a quiet rest with comfort and good food. Phone Horeham Rd. 32.

EVERYTHING is right, even the price, at the Chiltern Gate Hotel, Washington, Oxon. Tel. 56. New owner, new décor.

GUILDCROFT for holidays—or permanent residence. Incl. terms from 4gns. Beauty, comfort, good food, good company, 40 mins. from Waterloo. Guildcroft, Epsom Rd., Guildford. Tel. 66087.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

HOGARTH Gallery specialise in built-in furniture, bookshelves, to individual requirements. Open all day Saturday. 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FRO. 3328.

LEARN Shorthand by October 29 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

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PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, synopsis. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

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LARGE newly furnished bed-sitting room to let in pleasant surroundings at Kingsbury, N.W.9. Suit single man or two students sharing. Box 5908.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.). 7.0. St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Mrs. Dot." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Germans," Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sept. 30, 7.30 "Gioventu Perduta" (A) (Italian).

EVERYMAN Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 30: Danielle Darrieux in "Occupe-Toi D'Amelie" (X). From Oct. 1: Marx Bros. in "Animal Crackers" (U).

HAMPSTEAD Film Soc. opens New Season of "Comedy and Satire" and "Women and Children Outside Hollywood" with Chaplin's The Immigrant. H. Lloyd's Safety Last, etc., Th., Oct. 4, 7.45 p.m., Town Hall. Details membership tickets: Hon. Sec., 58 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

FILM Society, Tooting.—See the best films from China, France, Austria, India, Germany, America, Russia, Britain, Hungary & Canada; many unlikely to be seen elsewhere. Apply now for 1951-52 prospectus, Sec., 98 Fishponds Rd., S.W.17 (BAL. 3506).

WIGMORE Hall, Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3. Greta Scherzer piano recital. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall and usual agents.

PIANO Quintets & Quartets. 1st of 5 Concerts presented by Y.W.C.A. in Queen Mary Hall, Wed., Oct. 3, 7.30. Aeolian String Quartet & Colin Horsley. Schumann, Franck. Quintets; Debussy St. Qt. Seats 4s. & 2s. 6d. Box Office, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

CORAM'S Fields Penny Concerts for children (8-15), 93 Guilford St., W.C.1. Sats., Oct. 6, Nov. 3, Dec. 1, Jan. 19, Feb. 16, Mar. 15, 11.15 a.m.

LONDON Opera Guild, Vocal Director Hans Nachod. Recital of Operatic Excerpts, including Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, etc., 6 p.m., September 30, Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Admission 2s. 6d. at door or from Sec., 3 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

RECITALS of recorded classical music are given at St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn Viaduct, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1.15 p.m. A month's programmes sent free on application to the Vicar.

"EASTERN Germany's major composition." Mansfield Oratorio by Dr. Ernst Meyer, author of English Chamber Music. First performance in this country on tape. Sunday, Sept. 30, 7.45 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Coffee & biscuits. Entrance free.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Sept. 29, at 7.30. Dance-Social, prog. of Indian Songs and Dances. Band. Adm. members 2s. 6d., friends of members 3s. 6d. (Refrs. inc.).

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre presents International Artistes—Dancing, 8 p.m. Sunday Sept. 30, 13 Chelsea Embankment (49 bus to Albert Bridge). 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ganymed Facsimiles of Surrealist Prints, and First Showing of Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily, inc. Sats., until Oct. 27, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.1. (Near Cambridge Circus.)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London exhibition of Paintings and Gouaches by Mane-Katz. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION "The Lure of the Comic". Admission free. On view at 45 Museum Sq., W.C.1, Fri., Sept. 28, 5-8 p.m. Sat. 29th, 1-8 p.m. The Child Care Commission International Women's Day Committee.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-7 inc. Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d. Children 6d.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open-Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. Last day Sept 30. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

A. S. Hartrick. A Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 29. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Free.

ANNUAL Exhibition of Six Young Contemporaries: A Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. First English Exhibition of Sculpture by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe. Recent Paintings by John Melville. Until October 6.

THREE Centuries of British Watercolours and Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Oct. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of the American Indians.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Paintings by Marjorie Hawke and Sculpture by Ann Hughes. Also A.I.A. Lithographs. Mon.-Sat. 11-6. Exhib. closes Oct. 4.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Water Colours of Jamaica by John Minton. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Charles Malfray (1887-1940) Sculpture and Drawings. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

IRVING Galleries, Irving Street, Leicester Square, Old and Modern Masters, until October 6.

OTWAY McCannell, Paintings at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd., 11 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., Sept. 26-Oct. 16.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street). Admission free. Oct. 9, Strange Families. Professor Duryll Forde; Oct. 11, Lamarck and Neo-Lamarckism, Mr. D. R. Newth; Oct. 16, How to Look at Sculpture, Professor R. Wittkower; Oct. 18, Exploring the Roots of Extinct Volcanoes, Dr. M. K. Wells; Oct. 23, Inborn Differences Between Human Beings, Professor J. B. S. Haldane; Oct. 25, The Beginning of Civilisation in Egypt, Mr. A. J. Arkell; Oct. 30, Patterns, Professor Kathleen Lonsdale; Nov. 1, Coal in Wartime: 1914-18 and 1939-45, Mr. A. J. Taylor; Nov. 6, Western Commercial Enterprise in the Far East, Miss Audrey G. Donnithorne; Nov. 8, The Interior of an Eighteenth-Century House, Mr. S. Hyde; Nov. 13, Serpent of the Nile: Cleopatra in English Literature, Mr. A. Brown; Nov. 15, A Greek City, Professor C. M. Robertson; Nov. 20, Psychology and the History of the Bonapartes, Professor G. J. Renier; Nov. 22, The Geographical Study of Towns, Mr. A. E. Smailes; Nov. 27, Turkish Greece, Mr. J. T. Pring; Nov. 29, Chorus and Actors in Greek Tragedy, Miss Margaret L. Cunningham; Dec. 4, The Ballets, Mr. H. T. Bradford. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

NATIONAL Book League Discussion Groups. Paul Bloomfield will lead discussions on 20th Century Literature on Oct. 11 and subsequently every fortnight. J. B. Donne will lead a Discussion Group on the Great Elizabethans on Oct. 18 and subsequently every fortnight. To join either group please write to the General Secretary, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. NBL members 5s., non-members 7s. 6d. to the end of the year.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Last week Exhib. "Adventure in Town Planning." Oct. 2nd "London Replanned" (Prof. Smigielski). 3rd: "Style & Technique in Painting" (H. Ruhemann). 4th: Dancing: Sholanke African band. 8th: Film prog. "Wagonmaster" (John Ford). 10th: Private View, Picasso exhbn. 11th: Folklore & Dance of W. Indies.

ART Talks presented by Finsbury Public Libraries and Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton) will be given each month in Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (Sadler's Wells). 1st lecture: Helmut Ruhemann "Meddling with Pictures" (detecting forgeries). Monday, Oct. 1, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Complete series of 8 lectures and further details apply Finsbury Public Libraries, Skinner St., E.C.1.

SECOND Anniversary of Chinese People's Republic. Public Meeting. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 (Holborn Tube stn.). Oct. 1, 7.30. Speakers: Mrs. Monica Felton and Sir John Pratt, C.B.E., C.M.G. Adm. free. British-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

OSBERT Lancaster on "English Comic Illustrators since 1800," Saturday, September 29 at 3 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

SCARBOROUGH Brains Trust. Barbara Castle, M.P., Dick Crossman, M.P., John Freeman, M.P., Harold Wilson, M.P., Q.M.: Ian Mikardo, M.P., Arcadia Theatre, Foreshore Road, Scarborough, at 8 p.m., Sun., Sept. 30. Doors open 7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tues., 2 Oct., 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "A Five Power Peace Pact," Ivor Montagu. Adm. 1s. 6d.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Peckham Experiment" by Amy Moore. Questions and discussion. Thursday, October 4, 8 p.m., Great Cumberland Hall, Brynanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. at door.

CIVIL Liberties in U.S.A. Talk by Francis Biddle, U.S. Attorney Gen. Roosevelt Cabinet, U.S. Member Military Tribunal, Nuremburg; Tues., Oct. 2, 8 p.m. 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. Auspices Americans for Democratic Action. Open Meeting.

DEBATING. Meetings of the Union Society of London (founded 1815) recommence on October 3, and are held on Wednesdays at 8 p.m. in the Common Room, Gray's Inn. Further information from the Honorary Secretary, 292 Lancaster Road, W.11.

GLASGOW Fabian Society meets in Community House, 214 Clyde St., Glasgow, C.1. 7 p.m., alternate Saturdays. Session opens October 6. Speaker: W. E. Lloyd, B.A., "One Way or Two." Write John Urquhart, 150 Bradan Avenue, Clydebank.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SA. Student Assn. Basil Davidson speaks on "Southern Africa and Protectorates." Tu., Oct. 2, 8 p.m. 13 Chelsea Embankment.

OWING to the alteration in Conference arrangements the "Victory For Socialism" meeting at Scarborough on Saturday, Sept. 29 is cancelled, but Geoffrey Bing, M.P., will be speaking for Scarborough Labour Party on Monday, Oct. 1, 8 p.m.

"MODERN China," by Dr. Victor Purcell, C.M.G., at the New Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.7. Thurs., Oct. 4, at 7 p.m. Open to non-members.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. "High Prices or No Prices," by E. Hardy, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Thursday, Oct. 4 at 8 p.m. Questions and Discussion. Admission free.

RUDOLF Steiner's Contribution to Social Reconstruction. Lecture by T. Gordon Jones, O.B.E., "Individual & Community," at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Tuesday, October 2, at 7 p.m.

"SAGITTARIUS," a vice-pres. of Shaw Society will speak on National Theatre: 57 Dean St., W.1, Sept. 29, 3 p.m., Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (Enq.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.)

"IN a Greek Village" (folklore and folk music). Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture by Professor R. M. Dawkins, on Friday, October 5, at 7.30 p.m., at Cecil Sharp House (English Folk Dance & Song Society), 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. Admission free.

PALME Dutt, Communist Candidate for Hampstead, will speak at Hampstead Town Hall, Fri., Oct. 5, at 8 p.m.

NOTE this date—Tues., Oct. 16, at 7.30 p.m. Meeting at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. "The New Czechoslovakia": speakers just returned. Organised by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. October 6 at 6 p.m. M. Edmond Lisle (Alliance Française): "Les industries nationalisées en France: problèmes économiques et humains."

SEX Education Society. Dr. J. C. Flugel will speak on Sex and Sublimation at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30, Mon., Oct. 1. Non-mems., 2s. adm. Inqs. with stamped addressed env. to Sec., 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 30: Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc. "On Being a Foreigner." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Sept. 30: Nature's Finer Forces.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Oct. 3, 6.30: "Understanding Ourselves." Miss M. Macaulay.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghansananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. October 2: "The Subconscious Mind." All welcome.

LUNCH-Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, Tues. 1 p.m. Oct. 2: The Case against Materialism. Oct. 9: Peace through Meditation.

FARM Street Church, W.1. (Entrance also in Mount St.). Conferences on "The Catholic Church and Freedom of the Mind," by F. Copleston, S.J. Wed., Oct. 3, 6.30. "The Catholic Church and Truth."

ON account of the General Election the commencement of the Session of Hampstead Parliament is postponed from Oct. 3 to Oct. 31. Applics. for Membership to F. D. Hunter, 19 Squires Lane, N.3.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

YOGA and Practical Mysticism. One-day Lecture Course, Fri., Oct. 5, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Talks on Yoga, Progress, Mind Control, Meditation, at 1, 3, 5.15 and 6.30. Hari Prasad Shastri at 8 on The Psychology of Yoga, with Prof. Price in the chair. Adm. free. Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

AT Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. October 12 to 14, "Books." Who are the important writers to-day? Where is literature heading? The Novel, The Short Story, Poetry. Fee £2 2s. October 20 to 21, "Photography." Colour Photography, Photographing children, and general help to Amateurs. Fees 30s. Apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring. Tel. 2302.

UTOPIAS and Reality. Glynn Faithfull, Harold Walsby. Oct. 19-21, Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkenden 221.

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7722).

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE B.B.C. 11 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 2, at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Speakers include: Mabel Constanduros, Val Gielgud, Laurence Gilliam, John Green, Harman Grisewood, C. J. Pennethorne Hughes, Cecil McGivern, Herbert Murrill, Ronald Waldman. Course ticket 10s. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

ART Appreciation. Course of 12 lectures by Archibald Zi pler commencing Wed., Oct. 3, at 8 p.m. at Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Fee for course 5s.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"COUNTRY Fair," October Number now on sale. The monthly illustrated journal of the open air, with contributions by A. G. Street, James Fisher, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, Esther McCracken, Marchioness of Bath. At all bookstalls 2s. 6d., or direct from Aldworth Press, 2 Lowndes St., S.W.1.

CRUDE Colonialism—a new interpretation, "Ex-Italian Somaliland," by Sylvia Pankhurst. Foreword by Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., 460 pp., 24 illus., 5 maps, 12s. 6d. By post 13s. 4d. (inland), 13s. 8d. (abroad). From the publishers, C. A. Watts & Co., Ltd., or from "New Times Bookshop," 3, Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex.

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HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 34a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

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